

# APA-FILK

48th Mailing 1 November 1990



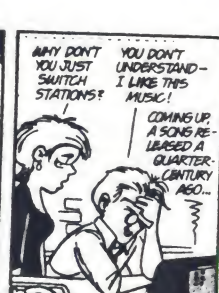
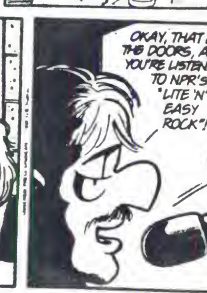
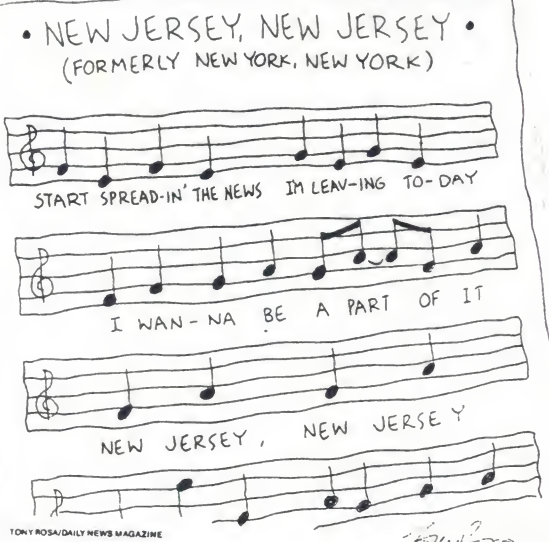
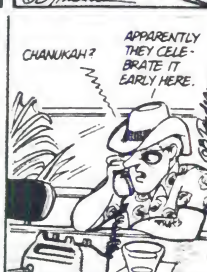
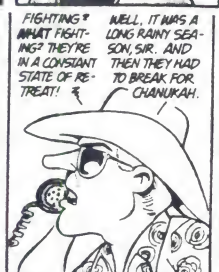
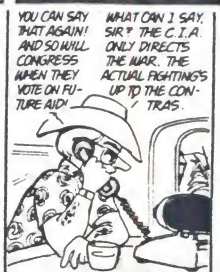
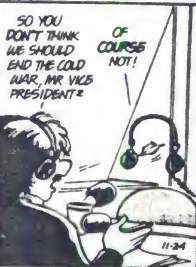
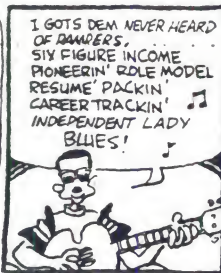
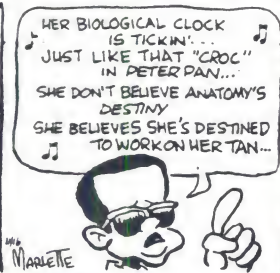
## Diabolic Diversion

I have a recording of Cardinal John O'Connor's anti-rock-music sermon. When you play it backwards, you hear: "If this doesn't get Covenant House off the front page, nothing will."

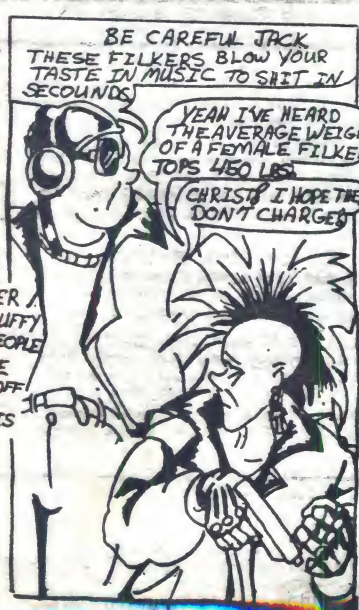
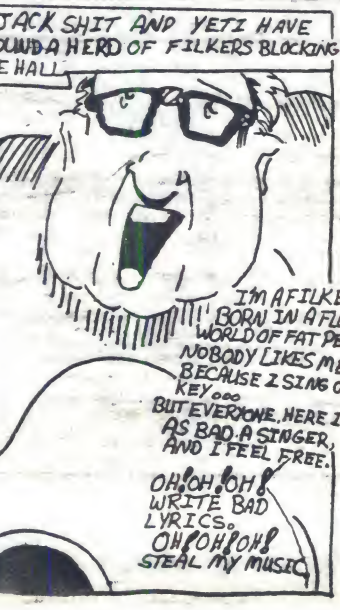
Sharon Thomas  
Manhattan



**BREAD OF DREAMS: Food and Fantasy in Early Modern Europe.** By Piero Camporesi. Translated by David Gentilcore. University of Chicago Press, \$27.50. Piero Camporesi's revolutionary thesis is that having enough to eat was more important to pre-industrial Europeans than religion, philosophy, or politics. Food (in particular, bread) was what they dreamed about, sang about, wrote about; in those days of frequent mass starvation, it was everyone's obscure object of desire. But the bread they ate was full of hallucinogenic herbs, mold, and a literally intoxicating array of vegetable and chemical junk. Is that why people in the Middle Ages made all those groovy stained-glass windows? Read this enchanting work of cultural history and find out.



# FANBOY by Brian Cooper



Jersey Flats #23, November 1990

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410

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#### ROBERTA'S ANNUAL WORLDCON/NASFIC REPORT

With the WorldCon in Holland this year, I decided to risk the North American SF Con....and thereby hangs a tale!

I thought I had seen the Ultimate Disorganized Con when I went to New Orleans. New Orleans at least had atmosphere! San Diego had the Zoo...and the Horton Plaza (more about that later). San Diego also had TWO convention centers...but the Progress Report that told which of them held the Con came to my house the day AFTER I left...and I didn't get home for another two weeks. Much good it did me!

Once the Fan found the Convention Center (which was more aptly named "The Civic Center and Convention Hall"), the aforesaid fan would find that only the films, Dealer's Room and Art Show would be held in it! Most of the panels, all of the filking, and all the evening activities were in the Omni Hotel, some three or four blocks away. INSTANT DISASTER! The Civic Center closed at 7 PM. The GoH speeches were scheduled to be held in it...at 7 PM! This is the kind of organization behind Con Diego.

Another flaw in the planning: all the non-fannish items on sale in the Dealers' Room could be found at the Horton Plaza, a 5-story shopping mall only a block away from the Omni Hotel. This structure has to be seen to be believed...bright pink stucco, on several levels, all linked with stairs, ramps, elevators, escalators...you expected to see David Bowie swinging around a corner at any minute. What you DID see were Fen! The entire Con would go to Horton Mall because it was the only place nearby that had acceptable Fast Food.

You may get the idea from this diatribe that I was somewhat miffed at Con Diego. I wasn't alone, either....there were buttons like "Non-Con Diego" and "You are Con Diego Montoya. You killed my weekend"...which went right over my head, since I have never seen "The Princess Bride". I invented a button slogan myself: "Because I'm the Editor, that's why" that I had Nancy Liebowitz make up. Jane Yolen saw it, was captivated, and ordered ten of them...so I got another one as a kind of commission.

Con Diego wasn't a total loss (except financially). I got to hear some great filking...I also got to be on a "History of Filk" panel with Leslie Fish, because the people who were supposed to be on the panel never arrived...in fact, they weren't even registered for the Con! (More great planning, there!) I got to talk with the Fish...not always easy to do. I got to the San Diego Zoo...another plus. The San Diego Zoo is one of the great parks of the USA, and it was worth the time to go look at the tigers, koalas, etc. I got to show the Klingon Goddess of Food one more time...a good laugh, if nothing else. And I got to write a filk.....

NasFic Con Diego  
(to the tune of "Hotel California")

Can't afford the WorldCon,  
Holland's much too far,  
Thought I'd try the NASFiC,  
Thought I'd go by car.  
And I heard the voices call from far away,  
In my dreams and nightmares, they all seemed to say:  
"Come on down to the NASFiC Con Diego...  
It's a Fannish place...for any sex or race.  
Come on down to the NASFiC Con Diego...  
We will all be there...fans from everywhere."

So I reached San Diego,  
Tried to find the Con,  
Didn't know which Center  
They were planning on.  
Was it down by the harbor?  
Was it up the hill?  
No one cared to tell me,  
No one ever will,  
And those voices kept on calling, loud and clear,  
As I tried to find them, they rang in my ear:  
"Welcome to the NASFiC Con Diego...  
It's a lovely Con..." So Tell me, where's it gone?  
Can you find the NASFiC Con Diego?  
Is it here or there? Is it anywhere?

Tried to read my program,  
Tried to find my name;  
Such creative spelling!  
It didn't look the same.  
It's a funny program,  
Schedule's very odd,  
Panels in two buildings,  
Known to the Con and God!  
And the panel rooms were all so far away,  
As I tried to find them, Fans were heard to say:  
"Where, oh where is the NASFiC Con Diego?  
Has it disappeared? Is it even here?  
Have you seen the NASFiC Con Diego?  
At the Horton Mall? Or 'Omin Hotal'?"

No one bids on Art Show,  
No one buys the books,  
No one gets the jewellry,  
No one even looks,  
They've all gone to that crazy plaza far away,  
As they count their losses, all the dealers say:  
"Why did we come to the NASFiC Con Diego?  
Table rates were steep, hotel rooms not cheap?  
Why did we come to the NASFiC Con Diego?  
Send this Con-Com to the San Diego Zoo!" (spoken..Feed them to

the crocodiles!)

As the NASFiC ended  
 I thought back to see  
 If in all this hassle  
 There was fun for me.  
 I had met some good fen,  
 Heard some writers, too,  
 Masquerade was lovely,  
 And I saw the Zoo...  
 But the Con-Com seemed to be so strange and vague,  
 Never mind the NASFiC...next time I'll take the Hague!  
 Fare-the-well to NASFiC Con Diego,  
 A Relax-a-Con, shot to hell and gone!  
 I will remember the NASFiC Con Diego,  
 I'll sing its praises clear...at Chi-Con next year!

#### FAMILY STUFF

I really went to San Diego to have an excuse to go to San Francisco (which makes as much sense as the Con Diego program, come to think of it). My daughter, Miriam, got married on Sept 6, in San Francisco, to a thoroughly lovely guy named Matt Moore. So now she is Miriam Ann Moore, and she is delighted that no one can possibly mispronounce her name.

The ceremony took place in a little park in SF's Chinatown, in front of a statue of Sun Yat-sen...The bride wore a white two-piece street dress, the groom wore a beige tweed suit and a red tie. I wore pale blue shirt and skirt and a white cotton jacket. The ceremony was short, conducted by an officiant of the Universal Life Church (as amorphous a religion as they could find...I think they pray "To whom it may concern".. Since Matt and Miriam have five religions between them, it was a logical compromise.) The guests included my parents (Miriam's grandparents), my sister and her brood, Matt's sister, and various friends-and-relations. And after the couple spoke their vows, we all removed to the Lotus Garden, a Chinese Vegetarian Kosher restaurant, which has a Taoist temple on the top floor.

I was able to do some sightseeing, too...very serendipitous. I saw the seals and dolphins being fed at the Aquarium; I saw a collection of Amish Quilts at the art museum. I also rode up and down the hills of San Francisco on a motorcycle! (I have the pictures to prove it.)

#### PLUGPLUGPLUGPLUG

I came home just in time to record another tape. This one is called "The Filker Strikes Back", and it has a whole lot of nasties...the NolaCon song, the tribute to "Quantum Leap" and "Alien Nation"...and "I'll NEVER Run a Con Again". Also "Shazam!" by Dan Crawford, and Claire Maier's "Zero-G Football Song." Dave Maskin did the instrumental filling-in, and it should be ready by November 10. Price is \$8 by hand, \$9 by mail.

# MORE FAMILY STUFF

My husband, Murray, had his aortic valve replaced on August 17...he was still in the hospital when I took off for San Diego. Thanks to a circle of friends and neighbors, he got through his first weeks of post-op very well...He just got back behind the wheel of a car, and feels like someone let out of a cage!

## RESPONSA

Comments to other people:

To John Boardman-- "Lilliburlero" is only one of a number of political songs rising out of the confused religious/political wars of the 17th century. A lot of the others are disguised as nursery rhymes. "Rockabye Baby" refers to the child of James II and his second wife, Mary of Modena..."down will come cradle, baby and all" came true, because James, Baby and Mary were chased out of England by "Wee Willie Winkie", a/k/a/ William III, who enforced curfew laws. "Georgie Porgie" was George I, who kissed the girls, all right, but not his wife...she was kept a prisoner for 30 years or so, for frolicking with a handsome soldier while Georgie was out kissing girls. And so it goes...check out the "Annotated Mother Goose"!

To Matthew Marcus -- Thanx for the kind words about NolaCon...see what I have to say about NolaCon West/Con Diego! I have gotten too damned old and cranky to put up with disorganized people who think they can run a WorldCon. I've served on Con-Coms...it's not easy, but it's not impossible! A lot of mistakes can be prevented by a little foresight.

## CONVENTION NEWS

I'm running the Dealer's Room at Mostly Eastly Con again... And I'm on the program for Dreamwerkes in Wilkes-Barre...and I expect to be around at the Creation con in New York City over Thanksgiving weekend.

And "Futurespeak" is rolling along...publication date, September 1991!

KEEP ON TREKKIN'

*Roberta Rogow*

SINGANE

48th Stanza, APA-Filk #48 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / member fwa / October 23, 1990

**Notes**> Btw, Garrison Keillor's American Radio Company of the Air is no longer being broadcast from BAM, the Brooklyn Academy of Music. %% PBS recently aired a Capitol Steps performance. One on-target number was dedicated to "those members of the Woodstock Generation who used to smoke weed and now own weed-whackers": "How does it feel, / How does it feel / to have a cellular phone / and a Colonial home / like a suburban drone?" %% The theme of Marc Glasser's BeyondtheCon was Groucho Marx's Centennial; Marc provided lyric sheets for nearly all of Groucho's songs. %% Leave it to William F. Buckley to mark what would have been John Lennon's 50th birthday with a scathing attack on "Imagine", "a kind of Bible as written by the sorcerer's apprentice." (We may see the song as imagining us living in peace, not divided by religious or national barriers or wealth; Buckley sees it as blasphemous ["no heaven"]; he goes on to call "property...the most important basis of freedom".) %% 2 Live Crew (whom I think of as Too Vile Crew) was acquitted of obscenity charges; and see below re Judas Priest.

& ----- **THE MELODY LINGERS** : Comments on APA-Filk #47 ----- &  
**COVER:** "Lilliburlero", appropriately on orange. (It was on green in APA-Q.)  
**ANAKREON/John Boardman:** Wargamers' Filk> Harold Groot has gotten better. # Urf Durfal even appears, as you know, in Costikyan's novel. # "Dark corpse" & "lord of carrion" are good epithets for the Lord of the Nazgul. // ct me> I know all about anti-Semitism in Romania; my sister-in-law's mother was born and fled there. // ct Stein> The way it's usually put is "what would you do if ANOTHER Hitler ...", then the enemy of the moment is so labeled. Having a clear demonology, the US recasts every skirmish as WW II, fits every opponent with a Hitler mustache. // Roseanne played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and lost. A mangling of the National Anthem that passed unnoticed was Leslie Nielson's in the movie THE NAKED GUN. Or any group of schoolchildren's. # McDonald's sold the Padres? I expect the Reds were more demoralized by Pete Rose's appearance in court, followed by jail; however, I expect they feel anything but demoralized after last week's World Series. // Steinbrenner escaped similar punishment for his Nixon contributions. A local Yankee fan explained why the other owners of the team are fighting to keep Steinbrenner in charge, despite the fact that his mismanagement had hurt the team's standings for years. How well a team does, he said, is irrelevant to how profitable it is; Steinbrenner had made a lot of money for the owners with Cable and other deals. // I'm told, but have been unable to confirm, that Maryland dropped the offensive stanza. (And Germany sings different words to "Deutschland Uber Alles".) // Re the Judas Priest case (which was resolved in Halford's favor, btw), one of the suicides was married and a father; meanwhile, the widow was suing to keep her mother-in-law (the plaintiff in the Judas Priest case) from visiting the baby, and the mother was suing to keep them from getting any of the hypothetical money - this is what the Judas Priest case was really about, more to do with Mammon than Jesus. Btw, in APA-Q, John Malay reported that there are turntables that can be made to work backwards.

**JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow:** Amazing how much those Klingon names sound like Yiddish. (I see Tevye was Worf's father.) // Actually, Muse-Con was the first filk con on the East Coast. // Quantum Leap ran 3 episodes in a row about changing their own histories. With God as a character on it, it's not sf but religious fantasy. // How was "Nondigeo/Trashfic"? // I mazel-tov'd Miriam in APA-NYU.

**SING, WHO ME?/Deb Wunder:** Welcome. // Thanks for the brief ConCerto report.

**DC AL FINE/Mike Stein:** Quite a luggage story; has the filk been done yet? // But Columbus didn't discover Ohio. // Not only did Barry blow it, so did the prosecution. // Bush has decided to spend the "peace dividend" on war.

**ISOSCAN/Matthew Marcus:** Welcome back. (I saw Matthew at an SFABC meeting in NJ in July, so probably deserve some blame.) // We never formalized it, but APA-Filk's founding members called ourselves the Filksingers Guild, with ranks of Filkelehrer (or Vilke-), Filkejourneymann & Filkemeister, and even an anthem (a filk of "Hatikvah"). But I agree filk is usually too "fringe" for the Hugo.

All for now. I'll be at Philcon (not to be confused with Filkcon). mb



# SUBWAY RIDER'S PRAYER

By: Mike Browne

Tune: Rocket Rider's Prayer, by Steve Savitsky

<sup>C</sup> When the entrance looms before us <sup>G7</sup> like the fiery pits of hell  
<sup>C</sup> There's no magic incantation that can make our fears dispel  
<sup>C</sup> And without enchanted swords or wands <sup>F</sup> to aid us in the fray  
<sup>F</sup> We soon come to the <sup>C</sup> conclusion that we really ought to pray  
Chorus: <sup>C</sup> So we pray to Father underworld  
And the lords of speed <sup>G7</sup> and rail  
And the gods of maps and transport that <sup>G7</sup> you'll guide us  
without fail  
Oh you <sup>C</sup> gods of time and ten packs <sup>F</sup> and of those who pay  
the fare <sup>C</sup>  
<sup>F</sup> We hope that you will listen to a subway rider's <sup>G</sup> prayer <sup>C</sup>  
So first we'll pray to Hades and Persephone his bride  
To keep their eyes upon us as we start out on our ride  
And charge all the imps and minions to stand guard o'er the train  
And leave us unmolested as we pass through their domain

Chorus

Our next prayer will go to Ares god of war and noble deeds  
To protect us from the muggers who would try to make us bleed  
And then help us to pay back the ones who chuckle in their pride  
Then charge us for this torture at a buck fifteen a ride

Chorus

The conductor says "Delays ahead", the train grinds to a halt  
Oh Hermes god of travellers your name we now exalt  
Won't you find a way out of this maze and see us safely home  
Until nine A.M. tomorrow when we once again must roam

Chorus

We'll raise a glass to Bacchus god of wine and revelry  
And toast his name a thousand times as soon as we're home free  
To forget the horrors of our trip; such as the drunken chap  
Who paid tribute with a stomachful on the altar of my lap

Chorus

In Hell there is no subway and that's really no great loss  
Just a boat upon the River Styx that ferries souls across  
Let's give Charon his retirement and fill his job some day  
With the managers and chairmen of the NYCTA



composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927  
CompuServe: 71131,2043

The filking at ConFiction was a British affair; there were just five other American filkers besides myself: Lee and Barry Gold, Perianne Lurie, and two others whose names escape me. While there were a number of appreciative Germans in the audience, apparently filk has only recently reached the non-English-speaking world. To help introduce people to the concept, Roger Robinson of Beccon Publications was the castaway on "Desert Island Filks" where he got a number of filkers (including me) to do a sampling which covered the different facets pretty well. The concom did not provide well for filkers; only two nights were allotted in the Congress Center, and while the Bel Air function rooms were supposed to be available for the other nights, the hotel manager shut down the function space one night. Shades of Brighton!

As for the rest of Worldcon, there were only five hundred-odd Americans out of a total in the 2500-3000 range (including day memberships). I wasn't sure about why it was so low, though some people suggested that the weak dollar coupled with layoffs in the computer and defense industries had a lot to do with it. There was a fairly large eastern European contingent - many East Germans, a bunch of Poles, some Czechs, Russians, and Hungarians, and at least one Bulgarian. One Russian and one American couple were victimized by thieves (the Americans in Paris, the Russian I don't know where) and had to make an appeal to fandom at large for donations.

Overall, it was not as slickly run as Noreascon (but then, what else would be?), but there were some interesting things done there. One was the "Dutch Treat" - a small area where people could buy drinks or a meal (depending on the time slot) for various pros and talk to them. I sat in on the one with Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. The masquerade was a real flop; there were only thirty-some entrants after much begging and pleading. Not surprising; if I were spending the money to go to Europe, I'd leave my costuming stuff behind in favor of what I'd be willing to carry when I started touring.

Food was not well provided for. There was a cafeteria in the Congressgebouw itself, and a few restaurants within a reasonable distance, but nothing like the cheap fast eats we're used to here. Actually, the best place for a nutritious and inexpensive meal in Holland is at a herring stand - I love the little fishies, and downed a fair number of them. You can get them smoked, but the purist's way is raw salted herring, called *nieuwe*. In the Hague, one vendor told me that I was the first American to sample his wares. I told him how to get the Yanks to buy - just tell them it's Dutch sushi.

San Francisco learned a valuable lesson from the failed DC in '92 bid - keep your hotel problems secret until after you win. Immediately after the results were announced, we learned that due to another convention they would not have all their function space until Friday. Had that been known beforehand, I think the Hawaii write-in (which finished second) would have won. Major shock: Zagreb finished third, ahead of Phoenix.

One thing I noticed in Europe: they have beggars and homeless people too. I know a number of people who believe that European social welfare systems are superior to ours, and that they don't have such problems over there. It wasn't true in England, and it wasn't true in Holland, France, or Germany. (I was too isolated in Basel to see if it was true or not there.) I saw a couple of people sleeping in the Hamburg train station.

#### IRAQ AND A HARD PLACE

The Administration has just recently discovered that Saddam Hussein is a ruthless butcher. Someone needs to get George Bush some glasses to help him

with the vision thing. It seems that everyone miscalculated Iraqi intentions. Just a couple of days before the invasion, Eduard Schevardnadze had told James Baker that he thought Hussein was bluffing. Of course, Hussein made a major miscalculation as well. I'm sure he thought that the Russians would back him. However, their condemnation does not seem to have fazed him.

I am pleasantly surprised by the Administration's response, at least. While I have very mixed feelings about the U. S. troop movement to Saudi Arabia - I think the other Arab states are capable of uniting and confronting Iraq militarily, especially if they had allied with Iran which had fought Iraq to a standstill entirely on its own - I do applaud the strong and effective diplomacy which has gone on.

The problem I have with military action is that really, Iraq's invasion of Kuwait does not threaten the security of the United States, only its economy. It's not our oil, after all. However, Iraq's actions are certainly criminal, and Saddam Hussein does not deserve to profit from his piracy.

My own gloomy prediction is that it will come to war. Hussein seems to believe that if he acts ruthlessly enough, the rest of the world will not have the stomach to stand up to him. In this I think he is wrong. The only way out is if some senior Iraqi officers come to the same conclusion and deal with him before the United States does, with or without the backing of the UN. However, Hussein has also been quite ruthless in removing - as in from the land of the living - anyone who seems capable of being a rival to him.

#### A DISTURBING ARTICLE

A couple of months ago in the City Paper, Washington's "ground-level" weekly, there appeared a very disturbing article about the Challenger disaster. There is an engineer who insists that the O-ring may have been the immediate cause of the explosion, but not the ultimate one. He attributes it to a change in launch procedure which increased the amount of time the shuttle is held to the pad by bolts after the engines ignite. Because the engine arrangement is asymmetrical, the whole assembly wants to lean to one side. (The reason for the timing change was the fear that the craft would strike the gantry on launch.) The engineer insists that the extra delay greatly increases the stress on the whole assembly, and is responsible not only for the Challenger failure, but also for the greater-than-expected loss of ceramic tiles that has plagued the shuttle program since the beginning. He has spent a great deal of his own money publicizing his views. NASA insists the stresses are within tolerance; he says they're not computing them correctly. I'm not equipped to judge. Has anyone else heard anything about this?

#### COURTSHIP RITES

I am indebted to William F. Buckley (quoting a column by Murray Kempton) for this vignette from the confirmation follies. In response to a question from a well-known Irish-American senator on the judiciary committee, the nominee replied, "I can think of no more vital function than searching out subversives." The questioner was Joe McCarthy; the nominee was - William Brennan.

In other news from the home front, the voters of Washington, D. C. showed rare good sense by picking as the Democratic nominee the most competent of the field, Sharon Pratt Dixon. Her victory was all the more surprising given that she had vowed to cut city spending, on which one of six residents of the District relies, or so I am told. And on Saturday, September 29th, the last stone of the National Cathedral was put in place.

A lesson in why spelling checkers are not the complete answer to typographical errors, as evidenced in my reply to Tera Mitchel about Conchord:

Dear Tera:

Why, of course I'm interested. You can't imagine how much I appreciate your offer. I like to think that people enjoy my work, but before receiving your letter I had no idea how appreciative people were. I hesitate to ask this, given how gracious you're being already, but if it's not too much trouble, could you make mine tall and brunette? But maybe I should just take what you have, since nobody's ever offered me a concert slut before!

And to think I would have been happy if you had just asked me to sing....

Alas, when I arrived in Los Angeles, my promised concert slut was nowhere to be found, so I ended up singing instead. Maybe next year.

The guest of honor was Julia Ecklar, with Joey Shoji as toastmaster. Wail Songs and Harpy Music (a/k/a Heather Rose Jones, who did the transcription) released Dreamer, the Julia Ecklar songbook. They had a novel method of proofreading: the first printing was a limited edition, and there was a find-the-most-errors contest. Among the notables who came down from northern CA were Heather Rose Jones, Bob Kanefsky, Jordin Kare, Kathy Mar, Cynthia McQuillin, and Dr. Jane Robinson. Mark Bernstein came from Michigan, but I won the prize for farthest attendee. Southern CA was, of course, very much in evidence: Windbourne, the Golds, the Bremers, and the L. A. Filharmonics were there, as well as a professional songwriter (yes, he's really sold songs) named Howard Harrison whom I'd never seen before.

The convention was competently run - at least by the concom; the hotel was an hour late setting up. I was astonished to discover during the course of the con that not one but two people there know two cousins of mine who moved to LA a few years ago. I managed to meet my cousins for dinner after the convention.

I don't know if I'll get back there next year. My airline ticket was one of the last of the cheap seats, purchased back in June on one of those special buy-now-fly-later deals which I'm sure the airlines are now all regretting. I don't know when I'll be able to get a coast-to-coast roundtrip for \$298 again.

I've got to close this off, as it's time to pack for OVFF.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### C O U N T E R P O I N T

John Boardman - (cover) Stage Irish? Damn if the song doesn't sound Jamaican. (ct me) Hmm. I'm not sure what happened here. Perhaps the repro was bad, or perhaps you need to consult an optometrist for reading glasses. If you have some visual impairment let me know and I will go back to 10-pitch for your benefit. I never said that all people who oppose the U. S. invasion of Panama are militarists. I said that all people who cheer when soldiers die in war are militarists. Some people who opposed the invasion were militarists, namely Panamanian and anti-U. S. militarists; they are the ones who, like you, cheer when U. S. soldiers die. U. S. militarists cheer when Panamanians die. I've known a few pacifists in my time, and the same principles which led them

to oppose all war led them to mourn every victim without stopping to check the uniform. All pacifists opposed the U. S. invasion. If you believe that this implies that all opponents of the U. S. invasion are pacifists, I will be happy to refer you to a basic textbook on logic which will point out your error. As for Hitler, I happened to use him as an example simply because of the anniversary of the invasion of Poland. But if your mind is incapable of dealing with the simple yes-or-no question of whether you believe military action is ever justified without the name of a living military aggressor who, like Hitler, invades and annexes neighbors and commits genocidal acts using poison gas (and even has a moustache), as luck (?) would have it I think I just might be able to accommodate you. That being said, complete disclosure forces me to reveal that I feel a certain amount of *schadenfreude* at the discomfiture in Riyadh. The Saudis are merely harvesting the unexpected (but not unforeseeable) fruits of the anti-Israeli militarism they've been financing all these years. (re cat filks) Well, let's see. Just off the top of my head, there's Frank Hayes's *Never Set the Cat On Fire*, Jane Robinson's *Overflowin' Cat Box Blues*, Eric Bogle's *Nobody's Moggie Now*, the *I Am Kitten* parody of Leslie Fish's *Kraken* (Bob Kanefsky?), Kanef's brilliant *Nobody's Moggy's Land* (and the pseudonymous British riposte found in *Drunken Rabble Project*, *Railroad Bill* in a way (don't know the name of the writer), and my own *In Praise Of Cats*. I once had a girlfriend who was so allergic to cats that she'd have to go to the hospital if she was in the same room for more than a couple of minutes due to an allergic reaction. Needless to say, I spent a lot of time over at her place. (re bronchitis) I'm afraid it will take months before you're really up to snuff. Though I'm essentially recovered, and have my full vocal range again, I still have occasional coughs. My sympathies. Your comments on smoking remind me of Mark Twain's remark that he owed his long life to smoking and drinking - if he didn't have any vices to give up on doctor's orders to save his life, he would have died. (re the National Anthem) I'm not surprised that in the South they would start ballgames with a prayer. Have you looked at the record of the Atlanta Braves lately? They need all the help they can get. As for nothing trivial escaping George Bush's attention, maybe that's why he knew nothing about Iranamok - he was too busy with all those trivial things. (And I've long suspected you were a Marxist....) (re collation) I've seen the submission guidelines for *Aboriginal SF* which warn that unseparated sheets of computer printout will be regarded as "replacement rolls of TP." My other APA's OE does not mind collation as long as you staple so it's easy to pick up a complete 'zine. As a matter of fact, collation and stapling are requested for 'zines over three sheets of paper. (re Maryland, *My Maryland*) I thought you'd be the last person to swallow the Lincoln hagiography hook, line, and sinker. The abolition of slavery was certainly a good end, but I fear Lincoln used dubious means to achieve it. You're entitled to claim that the end justified the means; on some of the points below I might even agree. You say Lincoln acted constitutionally in suspending the right of habeas corpus, but you overlook the fact that he did so only in support of another violation of the Constitution. I refer to the fact that as the Constitution does not forbid states to secede, I am forced to conclude that under the plain language of the ninth and tenth amendments the Confederacy was legally (though not morally, considering their motivation) justified in exercising that option. Thus Lincoln's action was not the suppression of a rebellion but the attempt to (re-)annex a sovereign nation. As for Charles Rettberg's bill of particulars, I haven't read his letter, but I can imagine what might have been in it, and it bears examination. Lincoln provided precedent for Reagan in Grenada and Bush in Panama, pursuing the war for several months without Congressional authorization. When Chief Justice Taney declared that Lincoln was exceeding

his authority under the Constitution, Lincoln contemplated arresting him. Lincoln resisted emancipation for over a year, declaring that his goal was only to save the Union. He approved Sherman's terrorist march from Atlanta to the sea, which burned and looted everything in its path and did not discriminate between slaveowners and others. Worst of all, in order to end the slavery of blacks Lincoln resorted to slavery of another sort. If you know about the suspension of habeas corpus, you should also know about the 1863 New York City draft riots. Yes, I regret to inform you that Lincoln practiced slavery when, as someone so eloquently put it, "your slavemaster happens to wear peculiarly shaped pieces of metal on his shoulders." This I cannot support. As I said before, I am not a pacifist, and there are things I am willing to take up arms to defend. But I will not ever force someone else to take up arms. I would like to believe that if the cause is just, there will be enough volunteers. Even if not, though, how can I oppose slavemasters by becoming one myself? By the way, in true Republican fashion, Lincoln's conscription act was a rich man's draft - you could buy your way out for \$300 (no less than \$6,000 in today's terms, probably about \$10,000), or hire a substitute. Your grandchildren deserve to know the whole history, warts and all, not a sugarcoated version. (But I'm firmly in favor of replacing Randall's words, not only for the reason you mentioned, but also because as a simple matter of poetry, they're crap.) Oh, one more thing. From your tone, it would almost seem as if you think that when the troops marched through Baltimore and fired in self-defense, the military action they were engaging in was legitimate. Better watch out. When I suggested some time back that there could be such a thing as legitimate military action, somebody heaped great scorn on my head and branded me a militarist. I think his name was Beardman or Broadman, or something like that.

Mark Blackman - (re "ruck") It's also "back" (e.g., zuruck, rucksack). On the other hand, "verruckt" means mixed-up, crazy, or chaotic. (re Con2bile) There is a musical term cantabile indicating that the passage should be played in a singing manner. The first British national filk con was called Contabile. Next year's con is Treble. (re self-defense) Thank you, though I fear John Boardman doesn't agree. No, my standards aren't that loose. When Bush calls Saudi Arabia a vital national interest, he's merely saying that we're willing to use force to grab oil, too. Hussein is a ruthless monster whose mysterious assassination would cause me no lost sleep, but I'm not convinced it's our business to send our army and treasure to do what Iraq's neighbors should be doing for themselves. (re "caged bird") Yes, the quotation of Maya Angelou's title in the first verse was deliberate.

Deb Wunder - We were virtually an orchestra, weren't we?

Matthew Marcus - The secret project was Smoflahoma, the Discon III Memorial Musical Revue. If you missed it, a couple of videotapes were made. I concur with your dim view of a filk Hugo for all the reasons you cite and more. You might save everyone some postage (including yourself) if you do double-sided copying. The place I go to (Staples, a chain; 3 cents a page) does not charge extra for this. If you're doing it yourself, just copy the odd-numbered pages, reinsert the output into the blank paper feed and then copy the evens. If you don't know how the output should be oriented in the blank paper feed on the second pass, draw a small dot on one corner of the top sheet of the blank paper feed prior to copying and see how it comes out in relation to the page image. From this you can tell what you need to do for the even-numbered pages. (I fondly remember another APA contribution which stated at the end: "Printed on materials 100% unknowingly donated by a current employer.")

\* \* \* \* \*

The following was premiered at ConChord.

The Ballad of the Hubble

Words and music copyright 1990 by Michael P. Stein

Well, a telescope called Hubble was the cause of all the trouble;  
Nearly got us wrecked to rubble 'cause we didn't realize  
That two bug-eyed bible teachers, pan-galactic gospel preachers  
Would proclaim all cosmic creatures should be safe from prying eyes.  
They said alien dads and mommies should be safe from peepin' tommies  
When they're sittin' in their jammies or a-soakin' in the bath.  
Every Martian and Venusian, Jovian and Betelgeusian  
Is demanding a solution. Let Earth really feel our wrath!

So they said that the occasion called for just a small invasion  
To provide us some persuasion to repent our sinnin' ways;  
Out by Mars was their position when we first learned of their mission  
As they sent a short transmission: "Earthlings, it's the end of days."  
There was fear and consternation in most every land and nation  
(Though the President's vacation did go on another week).  
There was weepin', there was wailin', there was rantin', there was  
railin',  
But the attitude prevailin' was: we're really up the creek.

But the telescope kept tickin', and the camera kept on clickin'  
And we found what it was pickin' up was cause to have some grins.  
Caught those alien blue-noses in some most ungodly poses  
Wearing not a stitch of clothes. And that's what really saved our skins.  
One short broadcast put the whammy on that alien Jim and Tammy,  
And averted a calamity near Biblical in scale.  
When they saw how they'd been cheated, the invasion fleet retreated;  
Our salvation was completed. (The Enquirer told the tale.)

Now you telescopic planners, when you build your cosmic scanners,  
You had better mind your manners, not go peeking after ten,  
Cause some folks might think you're spying, and they might just find it trying,  
Disbelieve all your denying and the trouble start again.  
But the lesson's plain to see, that we have no monopoly  
On that old sin, hypocrisy, 'cause that's what started all the fuss.  
So I think we'd best take care when we go travelling out there,  
Because we've found to our despair - that those folks are just like us!

SING, WHO ME? #2

For APA-FILK #48

BY: Deb Wunder

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Sweet Freedom Press Publication #5

Member fwa.

BeyondTheCon REPORT

Well, as most of you know, Marc Glasser, Donna Camp, and Ethan Andrew Glasser-Camp have, once again, thrown their version of Oktoberfest. BeyondTheCon was held 6-8 October, at the NY CADRE. This year was the Groucho Marx Centennial, so we had lots of Marx Brothers movies (and even duck soup), in addition to the usual (which included 45 different flavors of jelly for ghods' sake beans). On Saturday, a small group left for an expedition to see Fantasia, and returned to the Cadre bearing a filk of approximately ten to twelve verses.

After the evening's Encore game (and no party at the Cadre seems to be complete without an Encore game these days), someone suggested to Abby that she read the filk to those of us who hadn't been on the expedition. It being sometime after one in the morning, and music being on our minds (or what was left of them at that point), various of the rabble started chiming in with instafilk. Instafilk being what it is, the song ended for the evening (morning?) at about 52 verses. I bravely (well, foolishly) volunteered to turn the verses, which were scrawled on a multitude of paper scraps, into as much of an ordered song as possible. Here follows my effort, which finally settled,

three days later, at 62 verses:

\*\*\*\*\*

Night of the Living Filk  
or  
THE FILK THAT WOULDN'T DIE  
(Tune: "My Bonnie")

(Jeff Poretsky, I Abra Cinii,  
Mike Rubin, Mike Browne, Marc  
S. Glasser, Bruce Adelsohn,  
Christine Quinones, John Desmond,  
Lisa Padol, Avram Grumer,  
Jonathan Baker, Debra Korpus,  
and Deb Wunder)

My son is an S & L banker  
He tallies up loans with a grin  
And then he just loses the  
records...  
My God, how the money rolls in.

The good Colonel sells lots of  
weapons  
To Muslims who'll die just to  
win  
I'm sure they won't use them  
against us...  
My God, how the money rolls in.

My cousin, the Army supplier,  
Bills two hundred bucks for a  
pin  
And twelve thousand clams for  
a toilet...  
My God, how the money rolls in.

My company is going bankrupt  
The workers take it on the chin  
But my golden parachute pays  
off...  
My Ghod, how the money rolls  
in.

Now, how did that pro, Larry  
Niven,  
Pay his rent while he wrote of  
K'zin?  
His grandpa stole oil under  
Harding...  
My Ghod, how the money rolled  
in.

Chase Bank's making personnel  
changes  
They're moving folks both out  
and in  
Our statement seems written in  
Gaelic...  
My Ghods, how the errors roll  
in.

My son was a banker on Wall  
Street  
(That is when the money was in)  
Got caught in a bad leveraged  
buyout...  
Please God! Let the money roll  
in.

The gambler, he sold  
information  
The owner, he wanted a win  
They both got called "out" and  
ejected...  
My God, how the money rolls in.

We'd gone and pumped up great  
big stockpiles  
The profits were getting quite  
thin  
Thank G-d Saddam jacked up the  
prices...  
My G-d, how the money rolls in.

The budget is stuck in  
committee  
As Federal wheels start to spin  
Congressional fighting goes  
onward...  
But when will the money roll  
in?

I walk up and down the train  
begging  
On crutches and legs that are  
thin  
At night I go home to my  
penthouse...  
My Ghod, how the money rolls  
in.

Today, I write bad science  
fiction  
My paychecks are always too  
thin  
Tomorrow, I'll start a  
religion...  
And watch as the money rolls  
in.

I am a New York taxi driver  
I take all my fares for a spin  
Grand Central by way of  
Miami...  
My Ghod, how the money rolls  
in.

I am but a poor secretary  
My boss I would like to do in  
Then I found the spare books  
he's keeping...  
My Ghod, how the money rolls  
in.

I only bought one Lotto ticket  
And found that my numbers did  
win  
A hundred and thirty-eight  
million...  
My Ghod, how the money rolls  
in.

My acting career is a shambles  
My resume, it is quite thin  
I'll host a half-hour  
commercial...  
My Ghod, how the money'll roll  
in.

I try to write songs for the  
airwaves  
Though I have an ear made of  
tin  
I say I'm not in it for  
money...  
But God, how the money rolls  
in.

My art show was deemed  
pornographic  
The Senator raised quite a din  
The paintings were sold for  
twelve million...  
My Ghod, how the money rolls  
in.

My music was banned in Miami  
The sheriff declared it a sin  
The album just went double  
platinum...  
My Gh-d, how the money rolls  
in.

My movie, it bombed at the  
theaters  
The critics all called it a sin  
It went straight to video  
rental...  
My God, how the money rolls in.

We theaters will charge seven-  
fifty  
For sequels and plots that are  
thin  
And then we charge twelve bucks  
for popcorn...  
My God, how the money rolls in.

The Bakkers and Swaggart began  
it  
They paid for the wages of sin  
Their bimbos now guest star on  
cable...  
My Gh-d, how the money rolls  
in.

It looked like a regular season  
'Til Lynch put our heads in a  
spin  
With damned good hot coffee and  
donuts...  
My God, how the orders roll in.

Steve Bochco did real great  
with Hill Street  
A lot of awards he did win  
It's too bad about the filk  
version...  
My Ghod how the Cop Rock rolls  
in.

Our public TV shows pledge  
season  
Goes on 'til your head's in a  
spin  
They're cancelling Python next  
Thursday...  
My Ghods, how the pledges roll  
in.

A trilogy used to mean three  
books  
It's hard to stop once you  
begin  
They now come in sevens and  
twenties...  
My Gh-d, how the money rolls  
in.

I have friends in comic book  
fandom  
They buy plastic bags by the  
bin  
They need extra rooms in their  
houses...  
My Ghod, how the comics roll  
in.

Hugh Hefner once started to  
publish  
A mag that showed plenty of  
skin  
And, now, though he's married  
and settled...

My God, how the bunnies roll  
in.

My friend, she is quite a  
filksinger  
Her instafilk often kicks in  
If we could just get her a  
contract...  
My Ghods, how the money'd roll  
in.

The fact that we put this  
together  
And did it much to our chagrin  
Just proves that we're dolts  
(make that fannish)...  
My Gods, how the verses roll  
in.

After a full night of filking  
Our voices are all wearing thin  
I'm starting to sound quite  
like Q-bert...  
My God, how the verses roll in.

A bunch of us went to Fantasia  
We started this song on a whim  
Although "whim" and "in" don't  
quite rhyme right...  
My Ghod, how the verses roll  
in.

It started by chance with  
Poretsky  
Inviting us all to chip in  
It's now taken over the East  
Coast...  
My Ghod, how the verses roll  
in.

Were we smart we'd go get a  
shredder  
And stick all of these pages in  
But then we would be  
decomposing...  
My God, how the verses roll in.  
And through all this JV is

snoring  
The noises don't seem to seem  
to sink in  
But when he wakes up, he'll be  
sorry...  
My Ghods, how the verses roll  
in.

While trying to think of a new  
rhyme  
I came up with "Idi Amin"  
So, take-a Uganda at this  
one...  
My Ghod how the verses roll in!

New rhymes for this song are  
quite rare now  
Our patience is wearing quite  
thin  
And we need a scansion  
repairman...  
My Ghod, how the verses roll  
in.

You'll find as you're scanning  
these verses  
Your mind will keep filling  
more in  
It's not just a filk; it's a  
virus...  
Dear Ghods, how the verses roll  
in.

They halted my toxic waste  
dumping  
My trash had too much dioxin  
But now it's recycled to  
filksongs...  
My Ghods, how the verses roll  
in.

This filksong has hit forty  
verses  
If everyone keeps adding in  
It soon will top "Old Time  
Religion"...  
My Ghod, how the verses roll  
in.

The forty-first verse is for  
Loki  
Through Chaos he gives us a  
spin  
His hand clearly shows in this  
filksong...  
My Ghods, how the verses roll  
in.

And speaking of Chaos, there's  
Eris  
Ghods help us if she's not put  
in  
And Murphy is at the  
computer...  
My Ghods, how the verses roll  
in.

My brain has turned into an egg  
yolk  
A frying pan it's sitting in  
"This is your brain on  
BeyondtheCon..."  
My God, what a mess I am in.

A leer, a cigar, and a  
moustache  
The trademarks that made us all  
grin  
Hooray for the brave Captain  
Spaulding...  
My Ghod, how the Grouchos roll  
in.

We're here for the Groucho  
Centennial  
His movies have got us packed  
in  
In spite of the Warsaw Pact's  
downfall...  
My God, how the Marxists roll  
in!

The chili's burned through to  
the basement  
The blog stains have now sunken  
in  
The backyard is buried in

bottles...  
My Ghod, how the garbage rolls  
in.

Yech! Something has grown in  
the kitchen  
We need a way to do it in  
Perhaps the plutonium chili...  
Ye Ghods! How the dishes roll  
in.

'Twixt Marx Brothers movies and  
football  
Marc's wife and his kid were  
done in  
The house might get cleaned up  
by Doomsday...  
Oh Ghu, how the garbage rolls  
in.

There's mah-jongg downstairs in  
the basement  
And singing going on in the den  
And movies upstairs in the  
bedroom...  
My Ghod, how the trufen roll  
in.

My friend held a three day long  
party  
With jellybeans bought by the  
bin  
Though some should go into the  
chili...  
Dear Ghu, how the flavors roll  
in.

And now we just can't stop  
composing  
As friend after friend kicks  
one in  
It's probably sleep  
deprivation...  
My Gods, how the verses roll  
in.

I finally pulled out a mattress  
Because it was time to turn in

But find myself filking while  
sleeping...  
My God, how the verses roll in.

My friend held a weekend long  
party  
We played Encore 'til three  
a.m.  
And then we went back to  
composing...  
My Gods, how the verses roll  
in.

This filk's gone way past forty  
verses  
Each minute two more are stuck  
in  
If we could get ten cents a  
word rates...  
My God, how the money'd roll  
in.

Protecting our frail ecosystem  
Is something we must soon begin  
But first I shall need  
superfunding...  
My Gods, how the money rolls  
in.

I've got seven brain cells  
remaining  
From filking, conventions, and  
gin  
Now George Bush can make me  
Vice Pres'dent...  
My God, politicians are dim.

My Guru taught me meditation  
To balance my yang and my yin  
I paid ninety bucks for a  
mantra...  
My God, how his money rolls in.

As I sit here typing these  
verses  
My head is beginning to spin  
But Abby just called in three  
new ones...

My Ghod, how the verses roll  
in.

We wanted to turn in quite  
early  
But somehow the elves have  
crept in  
They've added more verses in  
elvish...  
My God, how the lyrics roll in.

As I keep on adding these  
verses  
My bosses are raising a din  
They want me to pay for the  
repro...  
Dear Ghod, how the copies roll  
in.

It's 3:45 on a Thursday  
The final draft printing is in  
Another verse starts to  
assemble...  
My Ghod, how the copies roll  
in.

Dear Goddess, I've typed all  
these verses  
My fingers grow tired and thin  
But, hey, what the hell, I'm a  
filker...  
And love when the lyrics roll  
in.

\*\*\*\*\*

If any of you want to add  
verses, or catch me up on the  
verses already written, I'd be  
happy to log them onto the  
computer, although I can't  
promise as comprehensive a log  
as Jeff Poretsky is doing on  
"That Real Old Time Religion".

So, that was BeyondTheCon.  
I had a good time, even if it  
did take a week to recover.



Now for the overdue Encore explanation:

Encore is a game that consists of "sing-offs". A sing-off begins when one team rolls a die and moves to a square on a game board. A card is then drawn which contains five words and a category. A word, or the category is given to the team that has rolled, depending on where they have landed. That team has 30 seconds to sing eight contiguous words of a song containing the chosen word. Then the other team has the same opportunity. This continues until one team cannot think of a song within the thirty seconds. They lose the turn, and the winning team gets to roll the die. There are such variations as "team vs. player," where the team rolling gets to play a sing-off against one member of the other team (they choose their own representative) and "player vs. player," where one player from each team competes for a sing-off. Two significant notes here are "The Birnbaum Variation," which states that only one set of lyrics may be used for any given melody in any given turn (preventing 87 versions of such classics as "What Do You Do With A Drunken

Alien"), and the "Onley/Glasser Exemption Restriction," which states that in "player vs. player" or "team vs. player" turns, it is not permissible to always have the designated players be Richard Onley or Marc Glasser, regardless of how good they are at this. At any rate, these sing-offs continue until one team lands their piece on the space for the "Grand Finale". The rules change slightly at this point. The team that has landed here starts a sing-off, but this time the opposing team can choose any word on the card drawn. They also hold the card aside, rather than putting it into the discard pile. If the team on the Grand Finale space loses the sing-off, play continues as usual. If, however, they win the sing-off, they have a total of thirty seconds to sing four contiguous words containing the key word for each of the remaining words and the category. If they succeed, they win the game. A good game can take anywhere from about an hour and a half to four or five hours, depending on who is on which team. We all have fun, and anyone else in the vicinity wishes they had earplugs.

At the end of this 'zine, I'm enclosing an article from the Wall Street Journal, mentioning the "Star Spangled Banner's" descent from "To Anakreon in Heaven". Hope you all enjoy it. It was very interesting to me to see The Wall Street Journal acknow-

ledging such a thing. They are a good paper, and have many interesting articles on subjects other than finance.



MAILING COMMENTS ON APA-FILK #47:

ANAKREON (Boardman): Very interesting 'zine. I have not heard too many war-gamers' filks, so this was certainly an opportunity to expand my repertoire. I especially enjoyed "Paradice Ignored".

I am interested in back issues of APA-Filk, so whatever you wish to get rid of, I'll take one of, with thanks.

I loved your piece about the National Anthem (see my Wall Street Journal item).

SINGSPIEL (Blackman): No, I didn't realize that there was filking at Corflu. I can't wait to see the one-shot. Sorry to hear that you were too ill to filk at Disclave, and I did miss you at ConCerto.

Can you get me the words to "Proud Barry"? I missed the show due to a recalcitrant VCR, but would love the words.

As of the other day, I

heard a report that 2 LIVE CREW were acquitted of the obscenity charges, although the Broward County sheriff has stated that "he knows what obscene is," and that he will continue to harass the group.

D.C. al Fine Op. 9 (Stein):  
Hi, there! It was great to meet you at ConCerto, and be part of The Virtual Orchestra with you. Sorry you had to cut short your con.

'Til next time, keep filking,

# If Baseball Ever Gets A Hall of Shame, Singers Will Fill It

The National Anthem Has  
A History of Frustrating  
Sports-Stadium Vocalists

By MARK ROBICHAUX  
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

If the British had put down the American Revolution, jazz vocalist Dianne Reeves might be breezing through "God Save the Queen" at a cricket match in Cincinnati today.

Instead, she will tackle "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a World Series baseball game, an incomparably more difficult anthem that has tarnished the reputation of more than one major-league crooner. "I will definitely be shaking," Ms. Reeves says. "Everybody's always waiting to see what you're going to do with this song."

Actress Roseanne Barr's clowning cruelty to it earlier in the season encouraged the rising chorus of voices calling for a new national anthem. Many people consider her rendition at a San Diego Padres game as one of the worst on record. But this seems to be one controversy that isn't over even when the fat lady sings. Only last week, Bobby Vinton mangled the lines and cadence of the song before a National League playoff game between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Cincinnati Reds.

**Taking Liberties**  
Ever since becoming the official anthem 59 years ago, it has been something of a star-spangled headache occasioning boo-boos unparalleled in sports history. Some singers have forgotten the words or bungled the too-high highs and too-low lows. Others haven't been able to resist taking liberties with the anthem. If torturing it were a crime, a lot of good citizens would be in jail.

A bill in Congress would make "America the Beautiful," which is much easier to sing and doesn't glorify war, the anthem. But such bills have been introduced from time to time over the past 20 years and have gone nowhere—even though Ray Charles, who many feel does justice to the current anthem when he sings it, says he wouldn't mind the new one at all.

The "Star Spangled Banner" has tripped up the best of them.

Marty Ballin, founder of the 1960s rock band Jefferson Airplane (now Starship), was booed at Candlestick Park in 1984 after forgetting the words before a San Francisco Giants game. Johnny Paycheck once faked his way through the song before Atlanta fans by singing: "Oh, say, can you see, it's cloudy at night/What so loudly we sang at the daylight's last cleaning."

Probably the most unforgettable lapse occurred just before Muhammad Ali fought Sonny Liston for the heavyweight title in 1965. Baritone Robert Goulet forgot the song after the first few lines. Before thousands of fans and a television audience, he was forced to hum the rest of it.

**Stars' Downfall**  
It has even stumped New York Metropolitan Opera star Robert Merrill, known to Yankees fans as "the star-spangled baritone," who claims to have sung the anthem more often than any other living singer. At a birthday party for President Kennedy at Madison Square Garden in 1962, says Mr. Merrill, "Jack Benny introduced me, then he whispered, 'Don't blow the words.' That was the worst thing he could have said."

Just before "and the rockets red glare," Mr. Merrill forgot the next line. He jiggled the microphone with his knee to distort the sound and create a distraction. "It gave me enough time to get back my train of thought," he says.

Only two weeks before Ms. Barr's performance.

Please Turn to Page A7, Column 1

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1990

# If Baseball Gets a Hall of Shame, Singers of the Anthem Will Fill It

**Continued From First Page**  
formance, Larry Chance, a singer at an upstate New York resort, three times lost his way through the anthem before a boxing match. Spectators began singing the words to help him get back on track.

Jose Feliciano tried to improve the song with his own bluesy-Latin-soul spin at the 1968 World Series. He drew as many jeers as cheers, and later said the performance did more than anything else to hurt his popularity. Others have tried to personalize the song. Jimi Hendrix took it to a new high, of sorts, as he wailed it out with his guitar at dawn during the 1969 Woodstock Festival in New York state.

The melody is hard for singers to master partly because very high and very low notes complicate it. That may be because Francis Scott Key's poem was put to the melody of a slightly bawdy drinking song—"To Anacreon in Heaven"—sung by members of the 18th-century Anacreonic Society in England in honor of an ancient Greek poet. To range the anthem's treacherous notes with accuracy is still considered an operatic feat.

To minimize disasters, almost all sports leagues screen singers by listening to tapes. The Los Angeles Dodgers, however, once gave a live audition—in a bus carrying team officials. The driver, Bob Weddle, mentioned that his dream was to sing the anthem at Dodger Stadium. "I said, 'Let this be your audition,'" recalls Barry Stockhamer, a Dodger marketing executive. "He kept his eyes on the road and belted it out." Mr. Weddle has sung once a year at the stadium ever since.

At many stadiums, any group that buys a large block of tickets can nominate a singer. The pay is small. The Dodgers give the singer of the day four tickets and a parking pass. Because of the horror stories, however, many stadiums have reduced the number of live performances. At practically all Super Bowls, singers lip-synch the song to tape.

At Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, live solo performances are limited to special occasions. In 1988, singers forgot words before five ballgames. "The switchboard lit up," says sports promoter Frank Sullivan. "We were alienating too many fans." Groups from barber shop quartets to church choirs now sing the anthem at most stadium events. "There's safety in numbers," Mr. Sullivan says. "If somebody muffs up, somebody else picks up."

The Texas Rangers have played tapes since 1984 because of problems caused by their sound system. It takes two seconds or so for a singer's sound to emerge from the speakers and return to the singer. "By the time these singers heard, 'Oh, say, can you see,' they were singing the second line," says Chuck Keith, a Ranger spokesman. "It's a little much to handle." At the California Angels' Anaheim Stadium a singing minister once stretched the 90-second anthem into nearly four minutes, waiting to hear each line over the public address system before singing the next.

Jeffrey Wickstrom, a 41-year-old Seattle carpenter and amateur opera singer, was moved by awful anthem-singing to volunteer himself as a singer. "As a singer and an American, I knew this shouldn't be happening," he says. During one summer, he sang the anthem at all 26 major league baseball parks, half the time at home plate in a tuxedo.

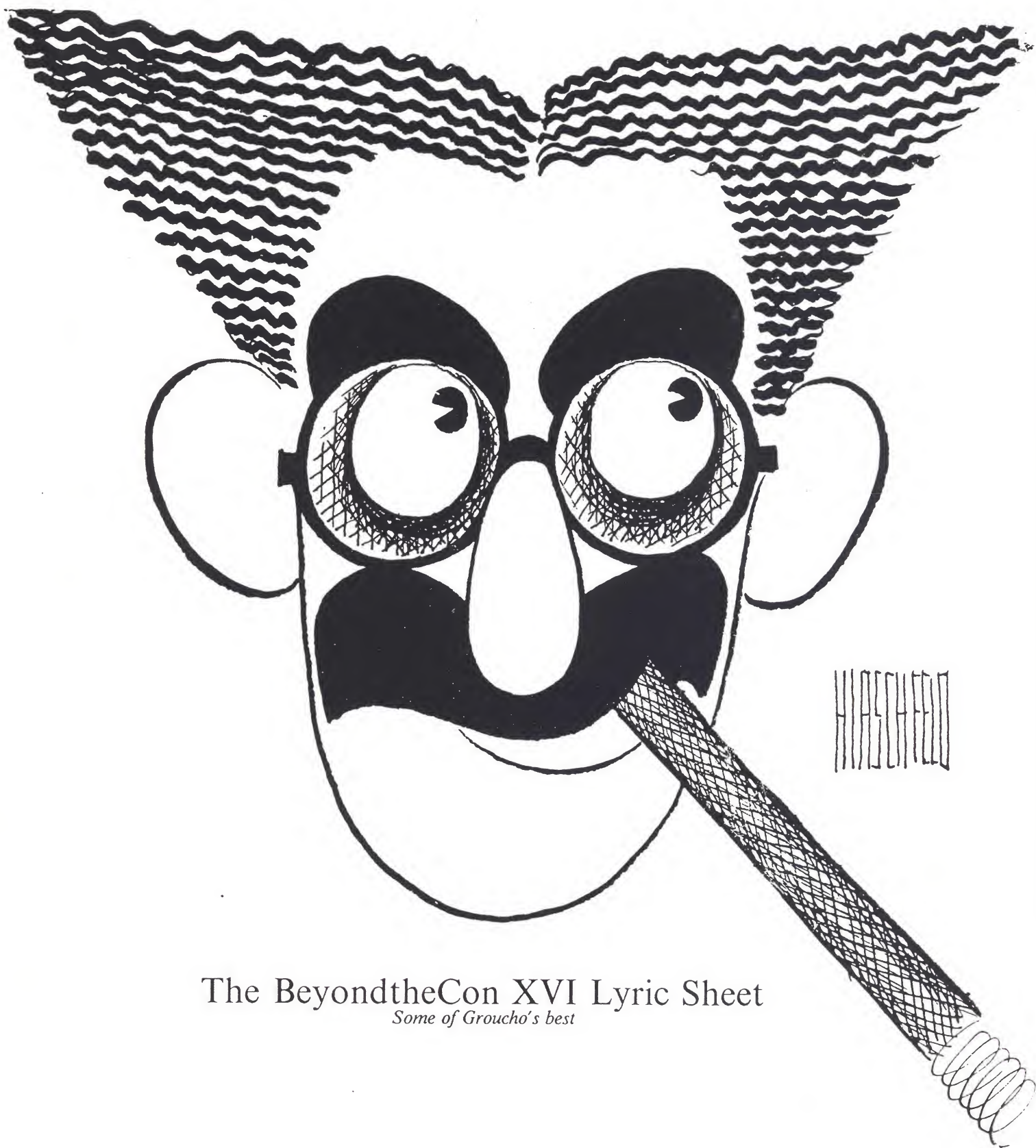
Some ballparks play "America the Beautiful" on alternate days. That suits its national-anthem proponents just fine. The main proponent is Rep. Andrew Jacobs of Indiana, sponsor of the "America the Beautiful" bill. "I've run it up the flagpole, and I'm waiting to see how many people salute," he says.

Such bills have provoked protests, especially in Frederick, Md. It was on Chesapeake Bay outside Frederick that Mr. Key, imprisoned aboard a British ship in the War of 1812, wrote the poem that has become the anthem's lyrics. Frederick's minor-league baseball team is called the Keys.

Tom Larson, president of the Society for a New National Anthem, in San Jose, Calif., complains that the anthem not only is hard to sing but also glorifies warfare and fuels hatred of England. "The whole song talks about beating somebody that is today our friend," he says. "America the Beautiful" celebrates the spirit of the entire country and the people in it. He thinks most Americans would change the anthem if they were aware that they could, and he has prepared an informational kit to help people who are interested in a change.

Even some "America the Beautiful" supporters admire the poetry of the current anthem. "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," Rep. Jacobs wrote in a recent newspaper column. "I love that line even if I can't sing it."





The BeyondtheCon XVI Lyric Sheet

*Some of Groucho's best*

## HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN SPAULDING

(Bert Kalmar-Harry Ruby)  
from *Animal Crackers*

(Guests:) At last we are to meet him,  
The famous Captain Spaulding;  
From climates hot and scalding,  
The Captain has arrived!

Most heartily we'll greet him,  
With plain and fancy cheering,  
Until he's hard of hearing;  
The Captain has arrived!  
At last, the Captain has arrived!

(Hives:) Mr. Horatio W. Jamison,  
Field Secretary to Captain Spaulding!

(Jamison:) I represent the Captain, who  
Insists on my informing you  
Of these conditions under which he camps here.  
In one thing he is very strict:  
He wants his women young and picked,  
And as for men, he don't want any tramps here.  
(Guests:) And as for men, he don't want any tramps here.  
There must be no tramps.

(Jamison:) The men must all be very old,  
The women hot, the champagne cold;  
It's under these conditions that he camps here.

(Hives:) I'm announcing Captain Jeffrey Spaulding!

(Guests:) Oh, dear, he is coming.  
He's announcing Captain Jeffrey Spaulding.  
At last he is here. . .

(Spaulding:) Hello, I must be going.  
I cannot stay; I came to say  
I must be going.  
I'm glad I came, but just the same,  
I must be going. Tra la!

(Mrs. Rittenhouse:) For my sake you must stay!  
If you should go away,  
You'd spoil this party I am throwing.

(Spaulding:) I'll stay a week or two;  
I'll stay the summer through,  
But I am telling you,  
I must be going.

(Mrs. Rittenhouse:) Before you go,  
Will you oblige us,  
And tell us of your deeds so glowing?

(Spaulding:) I'll do anything you say;  
In fact, I'll even stay.

(Guests:) Good!  
(Spaulding:) But I must be going.

(Jamison:) There's something that I'd like to state,  
That he's too modest to relate:  
The Captain is a very moral man:  
Sometimes he finds it trying.

(Spaulding:) This fact I'll emphasize with stress:  
I never take a drink unless—  
Somebody's buying!

(Guests:) The Captain is a very moral man.

(Jamison:) If he hears anything obscene,  
He'll naturally repel it.

(Spaulding:) I hate a dirty joke, I do,  
Unless it's told by someone who—  
Knows how to tell it!

(Guests:) The Captain is a very moral man.

(Guests:) Hooray for Captain Spaulding,  
The African explorer!  
(Spaulding:) Did someone call me schnorrer?  
(Guests:) Hooray, hooray, hooray!

(Jamison:) He went into the jungle,  
Where all the monkeys throw nuts.

(Spaulding:) If I stay here I'll go nuts!  
(Guests:) Hooray, hooray, hooray!

He put all his reliance  
In courage and defiance,  
And risked his life for science.  
(Spaulding:) Hey, hey!

(Mrs. Rittenhouse:) He is the only white man  
Who covered every acre.  
(Spaulding:) I think I'll try to make her!  
(Guests:) Hooray, hooray, hooray!

He put all his reliance  
In courage and defiance,  
And risked his life for science.  
(Spaulding:) Hey, hey!

(Guests:) Hooray for Captain Spaulding,  
The African explorer!  
He brought his name undying fame  
And that is why we say,  
Hooray, hooray, hooray!

## I'M AGAINST IT

(Bert Kalmar-Harry Ruby)  
from *Horsefeathers*

I don't know what they have to say;  
It makes no difference anyway.  
Whatever it is, I'm against it!  
No matter what it is, or who commenced it,  
I'm against it!

Your proposition may be good,  
But let's have one thing understood:  
Whatever it is, I'm against it!  
And even when you've changed it or condensed it,  
I'm against it!

I'm opposed to it;  
On general principles, I'm opposed to it  
(Faculty:) He's opposed to it in practice!  
He's firmly opposed to it!

(Wagstaff:) For months before my son was born,  
I used to yell, from night till morn:  
Whatever it is, I'm against it!  
And I've kept yelling since I first commenced it:  
I'm against it!

(*Frank:*) Knowing Dad as I do, I'd not advise you  
To displease him or tease him, no, no.  
Don't double-cross him or toss him around:  
When dear old Dad once gets mad, he's a hound!

(*Wagstaff:*) My son is right, I'm quick to fight.  
I'm from a fighting clan:  
When I'm abused or badly used, I always get my man!

No matter if he's in Peru, Paducah or Japan;  
I go ahead, alive or dead—I always get my man!

I soon dispose of all of those  
Who put me on the pan;  
Like Shakespeare said to Nathan Hale,  
I always get my man!

## EVERYONE SAYS I LOVE YOU

(Bert Kalmar-Harry Ruby)  
from *Horsefeathers*

*Zeppo's lyrics:*

Everyone says I Love You:  
The cop on the corner and the burglar too.  
The preacher in the pulpit and the man in the pew  
Says I Love You.

Everyone, no matter who,  
The folks over eighty and the kid of two,  
The captain and the sailor and the rest of the crew  
Says I Love You.

There are only eight little letters  
In this phrase, you'll find;  
But they mean a lot more than all  
The other words combined.

Everywhere, the whole world through,  
The king in the palace and the peasant, too,  
The tiger in the jungle and the monk in the zoo  
Says I Love You.

*Chico's lyrics:*

Everyone says I Love You:  
The great big mosquito when-a he sting you,  
The fly when he get stuck on the flypaper too  
Says I Love You.

Every time the cow says Moo,  
She's-a make-a the bull feel very happy too,  
And the rooster when he holler  
Cock-a-doodley-doodley-doo  
Says I Love You.

Chris-topher Columbo, he write  
The Queen of Spain a very nice-a little note,  
And he's write I Love You, maybe  
And then he get himself a great big boat  
(He's-a wise guy. . .)

What you think Columbo do,  
When he's come-a here in 1492?  
He say to Pocahontas, Atchi-fachi-kachi-koo,  
That means, You little son-of-a-gun, I Love You.

*Groucho's lyrics:*

Everyone says I Love You,  
But just what they say it for, I never knew;  
It's just inviting trouble for the poor sucker who  
Says I Love You.

Take a pair of rabbits who  
Get stuck on each other and begin to woo,  
And pretty soon you'll find a million more rabbits who  
Say I Love You.

When a lion gets feeling frisky  
And begins to roar,  
There's another lion who knows  
Just what he's roaring for.

Everything that ever grew,  
The goose and the gander and the gosling too,  
The duck upon the water when he feels that way too,  
Says--

## RUFUS T. FIREFLY'S SONG

(Bert Kalmar-Harry Ruby)  
from *Duck Soup*

(*Mrs. Teasdale:*) For our information,  
Just for illustration,  
Tell us how you intend to run the nation.  
(*Firefly:*) These are the laws of my administration:

No one's allowed to smoke  
Or tell a dirty joke,  
And whistling is forbidden;  
If chewing gum is chewed,  
The chewer is pursued  
And in the hoosegow hidden.

If any kind of pleasure is exhibited,  
Report to me and it will be prohibited!  
I'll put my foot down, so shall it be:  
This is the Land of the Free.

The last man nearly ruined this place:  
He didn't know what to do with it.  
If you think this country's bad off now,  
Just wait till I get through with it!

The country's taxes must be fixed,  
And I know what to do with it.  
If you think you're paying too much now,  
Just wait till I get through with it!

I will not stand for anything  
That's crooked or unfair.  
I'm strictly on the up-and-up,  
So everyone beware:  
If anyone's caught taking graft  
And I don't get my share,  
We stand them up against the wall  
And pop goes the weasel!

If any man should come between  
A husband and his bride,  
We find out which one she prefers  
By letting her decide.  
If she prefers the other man,  
The husband steps outside;  
We stand him up against the wall  
And pop goes the weasel!

## LYDIA THE TATTOOED LADY

(E.Y. Harburg-Harold Arlen)

from *At the Circus*

Lydia, oh, Lydia,  
Say, have you met Lydia,  
Lydia, the tattooed lady?  
She has eyes that folks adore so,  
And a torso even more so.  
Lydia, oh, Lydia, that encyclopedia,  
Lydia, the queen of tattoo:  
On her back is the battle of Waterloo,  
Beside it the wreck of the Hesperus too,  
And proudly above waves the Red, White and Blue;  
You can learn a lot from Lydia!

When her robe is unfurled  
She will show you the world;  
If you'll step up and tell 'er where;  
For a dime you can see  
Kankakee or Paree,  
Or Washington crossing the Delaware.

Lydia, oh, Lydia,  
Say, have you met Lydia,  
Lydia, the tattooed lady?  
When her muscles start relaxin',  
Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson.  
Lydia, oh, Lydia, that encyclopedia,  
Lydia, the queen of them all:  
For two bits she will do a mazurka in jazz  
With a view of Niagara that nobody has,  
And on a clear day you can see Alcatraz:  
You can learn a lot from Lydia!

Come along and see Buffalo Bill with his lasso,  
Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso.  
Here's Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon;  
Here's Godiva, but with her pajamas on.

Here's Grover Whalen unveilin' the Trylon;  
Over on the West Coast we have Treasure Island;  
Here's Nijinski a-doing the rumba;  
Here's her Social Security number.

Lydia, oh, Lydia,  
That encyclopedia  
Lydia, the gem of them all:  
She once swept an admiral clear off his feet:  
The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat,  
And now the old boy's in command of the fleet,  
For he went and married Lydia!

## GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

(Bert Kalmar-Harry Ruby)

from *Copacabana*

Mr. Horace Greeley was no fool.  
I'm sure that you'll agree with me  
That Greeley was no fool.  
The wisdom of the man can be denied by none,  
For he's the one who said:

Before you go to Buffalo, to Baltimore or Borneo  
To Easton, Pennsylvania or Sudan,  
Go West, young man!  
If you go to that land, Sonny,  
You will have a lot of money,

If you bring the money with you when you come  
To the lone prairie,  
Yippie-yi, yippie-yi, yippie-yi-yi-yi,  
Yippie-ye, yippie-ye, yippie-ye.

A cowboy's gal is a real true pal.  
She will stick to him, right or wrong.  
She don't say nothin', and she don't do nothin',  
And she don't know nothin', and she don't want nothin'  
But a horse and a cowboy,  
'Cause she just keeps rollin' along!

Go West, young man!  
Go where the air puts hair on your chest, young man!  
You can ride a bucking bronco or a pony;  
You can cut a calf in half and make baloney.

Go West, young man!  
Go right out there and give 'em the very best you can.  
Don't go East, don't go North, don't go South, have a care;  
Don't go up, don't go down, don't go here, don't go there.  
If you can't get a seat in the subway, go West, young man!  
We suggest you go West, young man!

The judges there are very fair. They always are, of course.  
A cowboy and his missus went to court for a divorce.  
The cowboy got the children, and the missus got the horse.  
Go West, young man!  
Yippie!

## FILMOGRAPHY:

### *The Marx Brothers*

Coconuts (1929)  
Animal Crackers (1930)  
Monkey Business (1931)  
Horsefeathers (1932)  
Duck Soup (1933)  
A Night at the Opera (1935)  
A Day at the Races (1937)  
Room Service (1938)  
At the Circus (1939)  
Go West (1940)  
The Big Store (1941)  
A Night in Casablanca (1946)  
Love Happy (1949)

### *Groucho*

Copacabana (1947)  
Mr. Music (1950)  
Double Dynamite (1951)  
A Girl In Every Port (1952)  
The Story of Mankind (1955)  
(*Groucho, Harpo and Chico in three separate segments*)  
Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? (1957)  
Skidoo (1968)

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hosted by Marc S. Glasser,  
Donna Camp and  
Ethan Andrew Glasser-Camp

Share and enjoy!

# ANAKREON

#43, APA-Filk Mailing #48

1 November 1990 (Samhain 9990)

## THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(twelfth supplement)

For the past few years, reader contributions of verses for this Neo-Pagan hymn have become scantier and scantier. Those that come in during a year are still printed in the Samhain issue of this quarterly bulletin of filk-singing, and the total number has reached 640 as of last year, though I have been informed that one or two of them are duplicates. To prevent this sort of thing, Jeff Poretsky is presently putting all the verses on a computer disk and is indexing them by deity, author, collector, and theme.

This year, however, I am happy to announce that the tide has turned. This is solely due to the help and enthusiasm of Rik Johnson, Box 40451, Tucson, AZ 85717. He wrote about APA-Filk, and in response to my appeal he sent in a sheaf of verses, most of them composed at a Grand Sabbat in Arizona, or by members of other covens including several at military bases. (If any of them have since been sent to Seedi Arabia, they can freak out the locals by blowing on knots; see the 113th sura of the Koran for details.) The circumstances of the composition of these verses are given below. I have omitted some which duplicate verses already printed, but I know I haven't caught all of them, and Jeff's computer index would come in handy along about here.

641. We know a Witch named John  
At our Sabbats he's usually gone  
Don't work so hard, come on  
John, you're good enough for us.

CHORUS: Give me that Old Craft Religion  
Give me that Old Craft Religion  
Give me that Old Craft Religion  
It's good enough for me.

642. There's a great big Witch named Ken  
He's one of those Ninja men  
Black robe and a sword for him  
But he's good enough for me.

643. In Tucson there is Susan  
Runs around without her shoes on  
Blessing carrots is what she does on  
The ground, between her knees.

644. I know a sexy Witch named Sheri  
She's got some beautiful hair-i  
With her I'd like to tarry  
And she's good enough for me.

645. O the desert does attract us  
So we dance around a cactus  
And get spines in our asses  
But it's good enough for me.

646. We're in the Circle anointin'  
Followed by Five-Fold Kissin'  
Hey man! Easy on the Scourgin'  
It's bruised enough for me.

647. Oh, the clouds I find are keen  
When I'm flying in between  
For my broom's an F-16  
And it's good enough for me.

648. My Sensi cannot see  
And the Blue belts avoid me  
During sparring I'll take three  
'Cause magick's stronger than Ki.

649. The Priestess she does bless us  
In the desert, in the darkness  
Five-Fold Kiss, "Hey, that's a cactus!"  
Spines in the mouth are not for me.

650. In the Mid-East there's a war  
This endless waiting's such a bore  
Start it now and get it over  
Because sand is not for me.

651. New people are such prudes  
They wear robes, can't be nudes  
'Til they set fire to their dudes  
So Skyclad's all right with me.

652. Music is our Priestess's thing  
And she ties bells to her string  
So each month we hear them ring  
It sounds good enough for me.

653. Christian God speaks much of love  
And his totem is a dove  
But he sends death from above  
So he's not good enough for me

654. When the Christians pray for me  
For their path for me to see  
But they spread hate oh land and sea  
I can't stand such hypocrisy.

655. All these laws in stones you follow  
In your sins and guilt you wallow  
Your Bible's so hard to swallow  
Can't you see it's not for me.

656. Our men they will extol  
How they have such great control  
But when kissed they grow a pole  
But they're good enough for me.

657. At Beltane we do extol  
That the Priest has such control  
And has a natural Maypole  
We tie ribbons to his tree.

658. As High Priest I wear a Crown  
Of antlers of such renown  
But a Novice laughed, bent down,  
So I gored her in the ass.

659. The Air Force thinks I'm crazy  
'Cause on Sunday I ask for duty  
Christianity is just too screwy  
Marching to church is not for me.

660. On base the regs are clear  
Can't have incense or candles dear  
Skyclad rituals we do in gear  
the Security Police are watching me.

661. Dyslexic Wicca's a new Trad  
Invoking backwards such a fad  
But rhyming correctly is just so bad  
It's too hard to do for me.

662. They didn't care if I was a hog  
But invoking Goddess and Horned Dog  
Got me banished from the COG  
Dyslexia's not safe to be.

663. Witches love to hug the trees  
And we don't even mind the bees  
But we hug cactus carefully  
And it's good enough for me.

664. This verse they made me sing  
So my butt's not in a sling  
Now they won't hit me with that thing  
And it's good enough for me.

665. We witches place a hex,  
We dream of sunny decks,  
And on it we'll have sex,  
And that's good enough for me.

666. Our high priestess and her muff,  
Pre-rites she must do fluff,  
All others want to stuff,  
And that's good enough for me.

667. Our fellows are so bold,  
Magical strength ten fold,  
But when outside it's cold,  
Their privates look so old.

668. A search we did conduct,  
Find witches to induct,  
And who are want to...do other stuff,  
And that's good enough for me.

669. Some witches and some wizards  
Have the same internal gizzards,  
And together can make blizzards  
And that's good enough for me.

670. Our high priest thinks he is slick,  
And he is a bit too quick,  
To show off his big stick,  
But that's good enough for me.

671. Within the witches brood,  
We feast on magic food,  
That puts us in the mood,  
And that's good enough for me.

672. Our new witch looks so tasty,  
She seems so ready and hasty  
When exposed she was wearing pasties  
But that's good enough for me.

673. When the wine began to flow,  
We all began to glow,  
The witches went down low,  
And that's good enough for me.

674. This one witch was real tardy  
To our evening's event and party,  
No concern, she's real lardy,  
But it's good enough for me.

675. The wine cork did go pop,  
The high priestess when a flop,  
The others wanted to bop,  
And that's good enough for me.

676. The evening was a setting,  
For everyone was letting,  
The other do some heavy petting,  
And that's good enough for me.

677. And now I am in trouble,  
I'm trapped within a bubble,  
For this song I need to double,  
But that's good enough for me.

678. Our maiden is a virgin,  
~~But her~~ buttocks keep diverging,  
In grease pits she don't need urging,  
But she's good enough for me.

679. We witches have a problem,  
When we feel the thing go throbbing,  
To start the log a bobbing,  
And that's good enough for me.

680. The high priestess lost her dagger  
And she started such a clatter,  
She solved the petty matter,  
It was her vibrator on a platter.

681. Our high priest is a stud,  
Believes he has such a lethal pud,  
The women find his flood,  
To be no more than a dud.

682. When the wine starts flowing,  
The witches start to glowing,  
Then the party's really blowing,  
That's good enough for me.

683. We get this funny feeling,  
When we look up at the ceiling,  
The paint is just a-peeling,  
But it's good enough for me.

684. In skyclad we adore,  
We won't accept a bore,  
We will accept a whore,  
And it's good enough for me.

685. At a rite we heard a jingle,  
A bell that started to tingle,  
It signaled we should mingle,  
And that's good enough for me.

686. At parties we do no plucking,  
Of chickens or ducklings,  
Instead we think of...other stuff,  
And that's good enough for me.

687. We sing this lousy song,  
Together all night long,  
We'd much rather play with a dong,  
And that's good enough for me.

688. Oh, the Christians are saved,  
In the blood of lamb they're laved,  
While I'm totally depraved,  
But it's good enough for me?

689. We will read from the Caballa,  
We will read from the Caballa,  
It won't get you into Valhalla,  
But it's good enough for me?

690. There are some that say it's scary,  
When the papists pray to Mary,  
Her son may be a fairy,  
But she's good enough for me?

691. Let's wave bye-bye to Jehovah,  
'Cause his age is almost over,  
Roll them patriarchal pigs in clover,  
They ain't good enough for me?

692. Tammy Faye she was singing,  
While Jim Baker was a-swinging,  
Oh no, they aren't pagan,  
They ain't good enough for me?

693. And we'll even sing to Moses,  
Though his law's no bed of roses,  
Let him pay us what he owes us,  
And that's good enough for me?

694. Old Jehovah wants your foreskin,  
So Jehovah wants your foreskin,  
What good to him's one more skin,  
When it's good enough for me?

695. Jerry Falwell says he's saved,  
In the lamb's blood he is bathed,  
And he thinks that I'm depraved,  
But that doesn't bother me?

696. At Prodea we're artistic,  
And a trifle egotistic,  
But above all lesbianistic,  
It's good enough for me.

697. It's the fruit of all my training,  
And it don't need no explaining,  
Now if it would just stop raining,  
It'll be good enough for me.

698. Let us gather in our saunas,  
When the spirit comes upon us,  
To perform the rites of Faunus,  
That's good enough for me.

699. The high priest says he wants,  
A kind and gentle nation,  
Perhaps a pagan way emerging,  
Goddess take your station,  
That's good enough for me.

700. Well we are half way through this  
song,  
Come on sing it loud and sing it long,  
Hey, quit playing with your dong,  
It should be hard enough for me.

701. With your trusty old Athame,  
You can blast a double whammy,  
Or slice and dice salami,  
That's good enough for me.

702. It may look like knife and chalice,  
Or maybe have an absence of malice,  
But it's really quim and phallus,  
That's good enough for me.

703. We have lots of fun at Samhain,  
Everyone has fun at Samhain,  
Except perhaps a cowan,  
But that's good enough for me.

704. Robin Hood stole many riches,  
And he gave them to his witches,  
Merry men and maids, not bitches,  
And that's good enough for me.

705. Well we have sung a hundred verses,  
The sleepy heads are throwing curses,  
But we'll keep singing any way  
Until the break of day.

706. Well she raised an awful flurry,  
When she made the scholars worry,  
Thank the Gods for Margaret Murray,  
She's good enough for me.

(We'll be met by Aphrodite,  
She looks gorgeous in her nighty,  
She's kind of wild and flighty.,  
But she's good enough for me.)

(We'll be met by Aphrodite,  
She'll be out there in her nighty,  
She's kind of wild and flighty,  
But she's good enough for me.)

707. And our numbers, they will thicken  
And our energies will quicken,  
AND WE'LL TRIUMPH, 'CAUSE WE'RE WICCAN,  
And that's good enough for me.

708. Every one of those will say,  
They possess "The one true way",  
But give me WICCA any day,  
AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

709. There's a little witch named Gwenkin,  
And her wisdom sends you thinking,  
And her mouth sends sailors blinking,  
And she's good enough for me.

710. Oh the Georgians like their liquor,  
And their punch is quite a kicker,  
And their parties start much quicker,  
And that's good enough for me.

711. Pat's the leader of this madhouse,  
Puts the bad folks in the cathouse,  
Girls are frequent guests at his house,  
And that's good enough for me.

712. Our high priestess's name is Robbie,  
And she's got quite a full-time hobby,  
Cubbie with knees that are not knobbie,  
And she's good enough for me.

713. We've a first degree named Les,  
With wife, Marilyn, he's blessed,  
His jokes are bad I must confess,  
But he's good enough for me.

714. There's a sexy witch named Shirley,  
With a handsome husband, Merle-ee,  
As good friends go they're pearl-ee,  
And they're good enough for me.

715. A coven friend is named Sandie,  
Who at making rhymes is handy,  
And she's sometimes very dandy,  
And she's good enough for me.

716. There's Dianna so pretty,  
Who's petite and warm and pretty,  
From the country, not the city,  
And she's good enough for me.

717. Herb and Gordon are in Rota,  
Which they don't like one iota,  
Rota makes them hit the bota,  
And that's good enough for me.

718. Ruthi and Rus, they're in Brooklyn,  
With their sexy cat-friend, Morgan,  
And I love their wee friend, Gwenkin  
They're all good enough for me.

719. Gollum's Bobbie's feline friend,  
On his "collum" pets depend,  
And we think he's the living end,  
And he's good enough for me.

720. Let us not forget Pan,  
Come on Pagans, give a damn,  
An' grab a woman or a man,  
It's good enough for me.

721. Nous nous appellons Druide,  
Et nous sommes de Atlantide,  
C'est peut-etre un peu stupide,  
Mais c'est bon nom avis.

(We call ourselves Druid,  
We came from Atlantis,  
Maybe that's stupid,  
But it's good enough for me.)

722. There's a witch up in Tulare,  
Who's named Mike and who is very,  
Fond of herbs both pain and rary,  
And he's good enough for me.

723. In L. A. and San Andreas fault,  
Lives a busy witch whose name is Walt,  
Over cauldrons he should not vault,  
But he's good enough for me.

724. Mariah's another witch from L. A.,  
And is sexy, too, I must say,  
Any time with her's a great day,  
And she's good enough for me.

725. Down in Florida lives Penny,  
Sweet and pretty as any,  
Her pagans, they are many,  
And she's good enough for me.

726. When I hear a banshee wailing,  
Sure it sets my heart a-quailing,  
Death behind someone is trailing,  
And I hope it isn't me.

727. And a friend who brings me luck,  
Is a woodland sprite named Puck,  
Who's as horny as a buck,  
And he's good enough for me.

728. There's a God who's name is Pan,  
Who is part goat and part man,  
Him wear shoes, no way man,  
And that's good enough for me.

729. It was good enough for Grandma,  
It was good enough for Grandpa,  
It was good enough for my Ma,  
And it's good enough for me.

730. Let us sing to mother Hera,  
Papa Zeus had better beware a,  
'Cause his wife is a holy terror,  
But she's good enough for me.

731. There's that bathing beauty Venus,  
She'd just love to lay between us,  
There's five ways to take a penis,  
All are good enough for me.

732. There's that lusty old Priapus,  
He's just itching to unwrap us,  
He'd do more to us than tap us,  
And that's good enough for me.

733. Here's one thing that I do know,  
Jove's favorite is Juno,  
'Cause she's awfully good at...you know,  
And that's good enough for me.

734. But the greatest god is Zeus, an'  
His affairs are nice and loose, an'  
All those goddesses he's been goosing,  
And that's good enough for me.

735. We'll sing praises to Apollo,  
Where the sun god leads we'll follow,  
Tho' his head's a little hollow,  
He's good enough for me.

736. You all know the Goddess Eris,  
She had an apple for the fairest,  
But we've got to learn to share; is  
That good enough for you?

737. Oh, Demeter is a Goddess  
And the wheat she gives is gratis,  
Praise her many orb'd bodice,  
And she's good enough for me.

The verses sent in by Rik Johnson are a conflation from several sources, most of them apparently Pagan covens in the U. S. armed forces. I had heard of the existence of such covens, but had not realized they were so active and widespread. Some of the verses have specific attributions, but others are of authorship unknown to Johnson, "but I suspect that Rus G. of the Prometheans wrote many of them." Under the circumstances of Pagan military life, Johnson refers to many of the contributors by first name only, but "Rus G." is the Long Island Pagan Rus Gulevitch, whose verses have already appeared in previous collections of "That Real Old-Time Religion" in ANAKREON.

In collecting these verses over the years, I have tried to be inclusive rather than exclusive. This is why there is some duplication of theme with verses already published; a few in Johnson's letter which I have already printed have been omitted. By and large, the rhyme and meter are worse than any I have previously encountered, in collecting "That Real Old-Time Religion", and I am convinced that nobody under the age of 35 knows how to use the apostrophe. Capitalization is usually "as is", which is why it is not consistent for such words as "god", "witch", or "pagan". However, professional warriors are selected for other talents than grammar.

Comments on specific verses follow:

641: The covens with which Johnson is familiar sing it as "That Old Craft Religion".

642: Anyone who goes in for the current enthusiasm for ninjas should know that traditionally the Japanese regarded them as a pack of scummy thugs.

645: Verses 641-645 were "written at Litha Grand Sabbat (3 Covens present from Phoenix, Tucson) in Saguaro National Monument West. There were two Park rangers there in full uniform, bullet proof (Athame Proof?) vests and handguns to see that we did nothing wrong. They left the Circle across the boundary when we started splashing water around. 1986." Johnson wrote these verses.

646-663: These are "on the spot" verses by Johnson.

648: "My karate instructors could not understand how I, as a white belt, could outfight and avoid harm from the higher belts. I said that it was because I had a better understanding of Ki than they did." I cannot enlighten you on what "Ki" is, but then I always preferred marital arts to martial arts.

650: "I and one of the Coven are Air Force, with me on 24-hour recall and him on 2-hour recall to ship out. It messes up our lives and we wish anything would happen so we can get on with a normal life." This sounds perilously close to the rumblings now being heard out of Washington, that instead of fiddling around for over a decade as "we" did in Vietnam, we should go in there with all the force at the U. S. government's disposal, and "get it done" quickly. This, of course, means nuclear weapons, and maybe also some of those nasty little secrets that nasty little men were putting together at Fort Detrick. Besides, I remember optimistic claims by U. S. generals and other politicians in the early 1960s, about how quick and easy a victory over the Vietnamese would be.

Big Mama has a way of grating such wishes as the one in this verse, in a manner most discomfiting to the wisher. "Get it over" are words of several meanings.

652: "My first High Priestess who initiated me did this as a joke on our High Priest. He was the only one who didn't know and spent the entire night asking, 'Are you certain that you don't hear bells?'"

653: A member of the Air Force is in no position to reject the god of the Christians because "he sends death from above".

657: I have a large pink button showing a circle of witches doing exactly this.

659: "I used to volunteer for guard duty because the entire flight was being forced to march to church and this was the ONLY way to get out of services."

660: "On a base you can't have knives or candles because they are too dangerous. Also incense hides the smell of pot so is also outlawed."

662: "COG" is "Council of the Goddess", a Pagan group headquartered in Wisconsin. A dyslexic might read "god" and "dog".

664: "This one was written on the spur of the moment by Daniel C., USAF, during the notorious candle game at an Esbat."

665-687: David Lisa, who is married to a prospect to the Coven to which Johnson belongs, wrote these verses while he and his wife Loren were putting verses on a computer. The name of the coven is "Desert Henge". Loren had a hand in verses 677-680.

688-695: Johnson thinks these may be from Rus Gulevitch. Variants of many of them have previously appeared in ANAKREON.

696: "Prodea" may be Latin Pro Dea, "For the Goddess," or it may be a female form

## GRACELESS NOTES

ANAKREON is published on the first of each February, May, August, and November. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association whose quarterly Mailings go out on those dates, and which is devoted to composing, reprinting, and promoting filksongs. ANAKREON also goes to everyone who gets my science-fiction/fantasy fanzine DAGON. ANAKREON and DAGON are published, and APA-Filk is collated, with help from other members, by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302.

The copy count of APA-Filk is 60, and the next Mailing will be collated and published on Friday 1 February 1991. APA-Filk will be mailed to anyone who sets up a postage account by sending in a few dollars, for the cost of postage and envelopes. For the state of your postage account, see "The Ministry of Finance", elsewhere in this issue.

\*

Considering the passions which it has exemplified in the past 300 years, remarkably little comment came in from readers on the publication of "Lillibulero" on the cover of the last Mailing, to mark the 300th anniversary of the ~~founding of the Irish/National/Olympics~~ Battle of the Boyne. An account of the writing and early popularity of "Lillibulero" may be found in Thomas B. Macaulay's History of England from the Accession of James II, which after 140 years still remains the best account of the important events of the years which saw this song's origin. In telling of the summer of 1688, when the position of James II was deteriorating as that of Richard Nixon did in the spring of 1974, Macaulay writes:

"Public feeling did not, then, manifest itself by those signs with which we are familiar, by large meetings and by vehement harangues. Nevertheless it found a vent. Thomas Wharton, who, in the last Parliament had represented Buckinghamshire, and who was already conspicuous both as a libertine and as a Whig, had written a satirical ballad on the administration of Tyrconnel. In this little poem an Irishman congratulates a brother Irishman, in a barbarous jargon, on the approaching triumph of Popery and the Milesian race. The Protestant heir will be excluded. The Protestant officers will be broken. The Great Charter and the prayers who appeal to it will be hanged in one rope. The good Talbot will shower commissions on his countrymen, and will cut the throats of the English. These verses, which were in no respect above the ordinary standard of street poetry, had for burden some gibberish which was said to have been used as a watchword by the insurgents of Ulster in 1641. The verses and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. From one end of England to the other all classes were constantly singing this idle rhyme. It was especially the delight of the English army. More than seventy years after the Revolution, a great writer delineated, with exquisite skill, a veteran who had fought at the Boyne and at Namur. One of the characteristics of the good old soldier is his trick of whistling Lillibulero.

"Wharton afterwards boasted that he had sung á King out of three kingdoms. But in truth the success of Lillibulero was the effect, and not the cause, of that excited state of public feeling which produced the Revolution."

"Milesian" is a term used seriously by the Irish, and sarcastically by the English, to illustrate the Irish claim that they are, as a nation, of greater antiquity than the English. Like many nations of northern Europe, the Irish claimed to be at least in part descended from emigrants from lands of classical antiquity. Among the ancestors of the Irish, it is claimed, are people who emigrated in ancient times from the Ionian city of Miletos. And Macaulay is being unfair in calling the song's refrain "gibberish". It may be so to the English, but as was pointed out in the last issue of ANAKREON it does indeed have a meaning in the ancient Irish tongue.

In a footnote, Macaulay observes that the first part of "Lillibulero" (a name which he misspells) is in Percy's Reliques, but not the second part, which was added after the landing of King William III in November of 1688. Macaulay does not seem to

have been aware that the lilting tune, which indeed whistles quite well, was composed by Henry Purcell, better known for operas and other classical compositions, including one of the most expressive dirges ever written. The "good old soldier" of fiction, cited by Macaulay, is Captain Toby Shandy, uncle of the hero of Laurence Sterne's The Life & Opinions of Tristram Shandy.

The author of the words of "Lilliburlero" was given as the Marquess of Wharton in the source from which I got them. This was not, in the strictest sense, correct. At the time the song was written he was the Hon. Thomas Wharton, M. P. In 1696 he succeeded his father as Lord Wharton, and became the Earl of Wharton in 1706. He also served as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was created Marquess of Wharton a few weeks before he died in 1715. He was famous as a fiery, outspoken, controversial radical, as was his son and successor Philip Wharton. Philip became the 1st (and only) Duke of Wharton in 1718, and became notorious as one of the members of the Hell-fire Club.

\*

Our unsingable national anthem has once again been used as a club for the destruction of an actress's career. The assault against Roseann Barr has already been forgotten, but then we already know that patriots have a very short span of attention.

The target is now an Irish singer named Sinead (pronounced "Shone Aid") O'Connor, for even foreigners are now expected to be patriotic Americans. O'Connor, who is clearly aware that patriotism is the principal cause of war, once refused to perform at a concert in New Jersey if the U. S. national anthem was played. ("She explained that she opposes the singing of all anthems, even Ireland's at her concerts." - Newsday, 7 October 1990)

O'Connor's successful demand led to a lot of seething and snarling among patriots, in the time they can spare from their current howling for Arab blood.\* But this impulse backfired on one patriot, a man named Mike Rechtien who was clerk in a health food store in Beverly Hills. When O'Connor came in about a month ago to do some shopping Rechtien popped up, said "I have a song for you," and then proceeded to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner". O'Connor was neither converted nor amused. Although she asked the store management not to discipline Rechtien, he was fired for harrassing a customer.

Rechtien is not the only musician to object to O'Connor. A Mafia saloon singer, whose name slips my mind at the moment, said, "She should leave the country."

\*

This issue of ANAKREON, and the APA-Filk Mailing of which it is a part, is being produced under extreme time pressure, mostly my own fault, but partly due to the last-minute and very welcome verses sent in by Rik Johnson, and to a classic massive rampant head cold from which I have now mostly recovered. I know that I have not caught all the typographic errors, and I apologize for this I've overlooked.

Also, I am going to have to postpone my comments on the 47th Mailing until the next one, the 49th. However, many of them have been already dealt with by other contributors to this 48th Mailing.

What we still need for the 49th Mailing is a cover. At this early date I cannot commit myself to providing one, so I am leaving it up to the readers. If none comes in, I may have to put in a "song cover" as I did for the 47th Mailing - "Lilliburlero", on orange paper, to commemorate the 300th Anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. By that time, the U. S. armed forces will be taking horrendous casualties in Arabia, and it will be unsafe for President Bush to visit any city larger than Pocatello, so you may get either a rousing war-song, or a re-write of "The Miller's Beau-

(continued on p. 7)

\* - Unless some trigger-happy lieutenant shoots off his missiles first, or an unexpected stroke of sanity strikes President Bush, U. S. troops will start the push into Kuwait during Thanksgiving weekend. National Guard as well as regular and reserve units will be used. Casualties on both sides will be high.

## KALIKA GIRL

Tune: "Calendar Girl" by the Blue Adept  
 Lyrics copyright 1984 by Len Rosenberg

A little Sanskrit introduction is needed for this one. Kalika is a diminutive, affectionate form of Kali, the Black Goddess, Mother Time who creates all things and takes them back again. A Yuga is one of a series of four eons, described in the text, each one more corrupt than the one before it, each lasting for hundreds of thousands of years. Devas are gods; the word is cognate with the Latin Deus and also with Devil! Shakti-Bhakti is devotion to the Great Goddess as divine energy. The three Bhavas (Divyas, Viras, and Pashus) are the three modes of Tantric worship; "I tossed in the Aghori cult to round out the stanza," Rosenberg notes. And Tantra is of course the "sexio-yogic" cult of Shiva and Shakti. A Mantra is an incantation. Shayama, "the Dark One", is a title of Kali. "Karma - you don't know what karma is? Whatta maroon!"

As for "the Blue Adept", Nil means "blue" and Sadhaka is a Tantric adept.

I live, I love, I love my Kalika girl  
 Yeah, my Kalika girl  
 I love, I love, I love my Kalika girl  
 In each Yuga there is:

Well, Satya was the Yuga when things  
 all went fine;  
 In Treta our behavior starts its long  
 decline  
Dvipara sees us sunk in ignorance and  
 sin;  
 And Kali? That's the yucky Yuga  
 we're now in.

The Devas  
 can save us  
 from constant rebirth.  
 A little Shakti-Bhakti  
 will enlighten the Earth  
 ev'ry day  
 ev'ry way  
 through the Yugas.

I love, I love, I love my Kalika girl  
 Yeah, my Kalika girl  
 I love, I love, I love my Kalika girl.  
 With each Bhava there is.

Now, Divyas join the gods as equals -- of a  
 sort;  
Viras vie as heroes in a Raja's court;  
Pashus seek protection, like a favored beast;  
 While Aghoris nosh on corpses. (What a  
 gross-out feast!)

Through Mantra  
 and Tantra  
 our karmas will cease.  
 That ol' Shayama Mama  
 gonna bring us release  
 every age  
 like a sage  
 through the years.

I love, I love, I love my Kalika girl  
 Yeah, my Kalika girl  
 I love, I love, I love my Kalika girl  
 Yeah, my Kalika girl....

(fade out)

## GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 8)

tiful Daughter" as "The Mullah's Beautiful Daughter". If you want to avoid this, keep those covers coming in, folks.

\*

And why, do you ask, can I be so confident about Thanksgiving weekend as the date of the Big Bush Push? Well, a couple of months ago a high officer in the New Jersey National Guard shot off his mouth in the hearing of a member of Proteus Coven. Unless he has since been overruled by a still higher officer, the night after Thanksgiving will be the time for knocking out all those Iraqi missile bases and air fields.

(continued on p. 11)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION (continued from p. 6)

of "Proteus", the name of a New York City coven to which many science-fiction fans belong. Judy Harrow is its High Priestess.

699: Five lines in a four-line verse form almost led me to throw this one out.

699-700, 704-705: "These verses...come from Kim R. in Spain. She used to publish the Pagan Military Network Newsletter. Her husband got 'fired' from his job in Turkey by the Air Force because he was a Witch."

701: An athame is a sharp knife used for ritual purposes in Pagan ceremonies. It is used in the symbolic "Great Rite" described in the following verse. And, while I know what the Great Rite is, I cannot enlighten readers about the "Five-Fold Kiss".

703: Pronounced, of course, "sahwen". And no, I don't know what a "cowan" is.

706: The verse which follows this appears in just about every collection of "That Real Old-Time Religion" I have ever encountered, and has of course already been printed in a slightly different form in ANAKREON. Another version, also in Johnson's letter, concludes:

"And looks gorgeous in her nighty,  
(and without) - she's good enough for me."

707: Almost no one in the Craft seems to be aware of the fact that, early on in the written history of the English language, "cc" signified the same sound that is now rendered as "ch". It is therefore incorrect to pronounce "Wiccan" to rhyme with "sicken". "Witchan" would be more like it, and is of course ancestral to the modern word "witch". It means "the wise ones".

706-736: Johnson does not know who wrote these.

717: I don't know what "Rota" means, unless it is some kind of military duty roster.

720: There is probably a similar verse in an earlier collection, but time does not permit a search for it. There will be fuller comments on these verses, variants, and duplications in ANAKREON #49.

721: This is, to the best of my knowledge, the first verse written in a language other than English. I have had to emend a garbled French text. "bon nom avis" is probably an error for "non mon avis".

729: Other verses have celebrated the hereditary tradition of the Craft, but this is enough removed from them to qualify, I believe, as a distinct creation.

737: This is the only verse in this batch that did not come from Rik Johnson. Its author is Gianni Siri. Gianni's father was blinded for life by "friendly fire" in World War II - a matter which the eager U. S. warriors in Arabia might want to think about a little.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is sent to anyone who sends me a few dollars for postage and the envelope. The present state of your account, including costs of this present 43th Mailing, appears in the blank to the right. Mike Agranoff and Roberta Rogow get APA-Filk in trade, and Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley get APA-Filk on their APA-Q accounts, and will be receiving APA-Q #323 along with this Mailing. APA-Filk accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended, as will accounts for people who may have a positive balance but whose copies come back in the mail. Presently suspended APA-Filk accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Karen Shaub	-12¢
Greg Baker	-91¢	Randall McDougall	-65¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Sally & Barry		Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Nick Simichich	-69¢
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Deirdre & Jim		Dana Snow	-15¢
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Rittenhouse	-15¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Michael Rubin	-32¢	Paul Willett	-\$1.23
Histie Joyce	\$6.86	Kathy Sands	-12¢		

## BAD BOYS

by Chris Carrier

Composed in honor of the second anniversary of the defeat of the Bad Boys on 1988 July 14, to the tune of the "Bad Boys Theme" by Ian Lewis, the introductory tune of the TV show Cops. Although the most recent batch of "Bad Boys" afflicted war-gaming fandom, science-fiction and fantasy fandom is not free of such types. The Bad Boys carried their attacks on their targets into the mundane world, writing letters to parents, universities, or employers of their intended victims. All this, fortunately, backfired, and the Bad Boys are now out of the hobby.

Uh - BAD BOYS!

Whatcha gon, whatcha gon,

Whatcha gonna do

When the Feud Fan comes after you.

Tell me -- whatcha gonna do?

Whatcha gonna do

HEY HEY

BAD BOYS BAD BOYS

Whatcha gonna do

Whatcha gonna do when they come for you  
(repeat)

Nobody gonna give you no break

The Feud Fan's not gonna give you a break

Your parents won't give you a break

University won't give you no break

HEY HEY

BAD BOYS BAD BOYS

Whatcha gonna do

Whatcha gonna do when they come for you

BAD BOYS BAD BOYS

Whatcha gonna do

Whatcha gonna do when they come for you!

## GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 9)

The superior night-sighting equipment of the U. S. armed forces will be used, and there will be over nine hours of darkness on that night between moon-set and dawn. This dark period will diminish by nearly an hour for each subsequent night. So unless President Bush plans to wait for the next new moon, and give us a war for Christmas as he did last year, then it will be the night of 22-23 November.

Iraqi time is eight hours ahead of hours, so your Thanksgiving afternoon football telecasts may be interrupted by unwelcome news.

\*

This is

Chris Carrier sent in two songs relating to feuds in war-gaming fandom, where he has achieved a reputation as "the Feud Fan". One of them is printed above. I have some compunctions about the other. It is directed at a New York fan who has managed to make himself obnoxious all over science-fiction, fantasy, and war-gaming fandoms and in boring ol' mundanity as well. The only problem is, that Carrier slings the word "Nazi" around rather freely. While it should not be forgotten that this is where the authoritarian impulse inevitably leads, I consider its use invidious in this case. Not only is Carrier's (and everybody's) target Jewish, but his family had to flee Germany when the Nazis came to power. A good case can be made against this man without using the term "Nazi".

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflamm  
O Optic  
N Nerves

# 1631

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I had hoped to review, in this issue, Oscar Drand's The Ballad Mongers: Rise of the Modern Folk Song, a copy of which was recently sent to me by Harry Manogg. Although the book was published in 1962, it holds a great deal of relevance today. As in 1990, the nation was in 1962 on the edge of a great outbreak of protest against war and other forms of injustice. As in 1990, people were looking back with nostalgia on an era of political activism in which folk-singing played a large part - the radical political movements of the 1930s and 1940s.

Brand was also writing in the shadow of the political blacklists which devastated the arts and sciences during the 1950s. If the U. S. government decides to take a hard line against the anti-war protests which are already growing, we may see more of this too. The review will appear in the next issue of ANAKREON.

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The Good Coffee House is in business again, on the first and third Friday nights of each month at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, NY 11215, between 1st and 2nd Streets. The doors open at 8:45 PM and the singing starts at 9:30. The donation is \$5, and includes coffee and munchies. Often the singers have tapes of their works for sale. They will probably allow you to tape their performances, but ask first.

On 16 November, the Ministers of Bluegrass will debut at the Good Coffee House. The management believes that this is a particularly good bluegrass group. On 7 December, Peter Ellard will be there "with his outstanding skills as a singer, songwriter, and guitarist".

Another schedule, covering events beginning January, will probably be out next month. Phone them at 718-768-2972 after 8 PM on performance nights for details, and to get on their mailing list.

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Dave Gelbart agrees that the original words of "Maryland, My Maryland" are "no longer appropriate", but doubts that "having it remain would cause schoolchildren to be taught that Abraham Lincoln was a despot and that rebellion in the cause of slavery was...proper." He feels that "putting some more actual history, such as 'more than one viewpoint may be valid' or 'some other people see things differently than we do' would definitely not cause any harm."

An enormous amount of harm has been done in this country by people who refuse to accept the political verdict of 1860, or the military victory that confirmed it in 1865. The issues settled then are no longer open questions. Any promotion of the idea that they are, that white supremacy can once more be re-established in law or in social custom, is not to be tolerated. It is in our interest, as individuals and as a society, to re-open this question.

To put it another way, would Dave's compatriots welcome a re-opening of the Northwest Rebellion?

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